VOGUE

Continental Edition

CONDÉ NAST, *Publisher*

Late March
Prix 2 Francs

Pelgram & Meyer

RAINBOW P&M RIBBONS

This shield is a quality mark.

From flaming reds and sapphire blues, to dull yellows, emerald greens and wonderful purples, the Rainbow treasures of soft tints and scintillating color, have been caught and imprisoned in Rainbow Ribbons.

From the simplest silk ribbon for some treasured packet of letters to a wonderfully embroidered creation in black and gold for an exquisite evening gown—there is a Rainbow Ribbon for every purpose.

Made with the exquisite artistry that is the culmination of years of study and experience the Rainbow mark on a ribbon is an assurance of quality and service—of high ideals in their production.

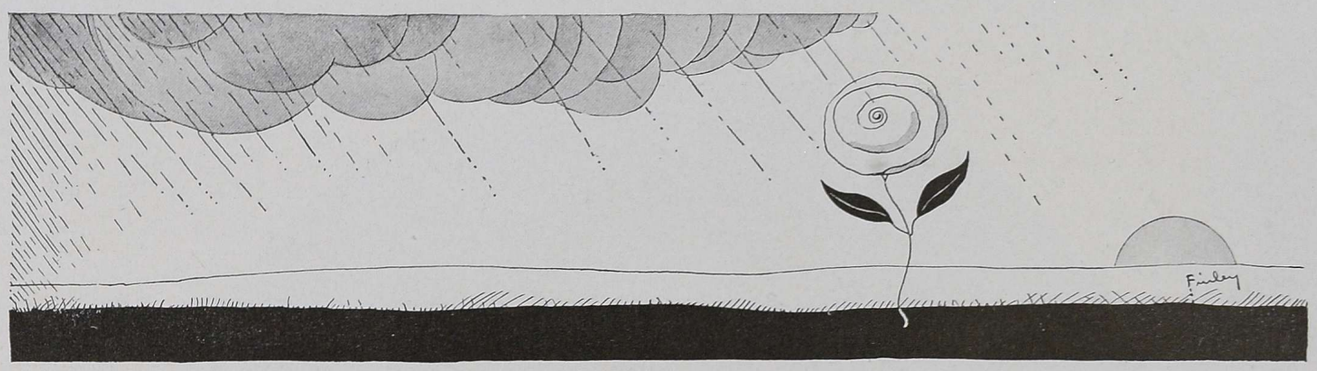
Ribbons will be the vogue this year for everything from children's frocks to evening gowns—from hats to handbags.

Be sure of the quality by insisting on RAINBOW RIBBONS.

Pelgram & Meyer 395 Fourth Ave., New York

Watch for the Rainbow display in leading stores.

Write for our interesting booklet of ribbons and their uses



YOUR UNFINISHED PART IN THE WAR

IT is four months since the armistice was signed, four months since we dreaded to pick up the newspapers, knowing that they would tell of some new horror; four months since the very thought of France or Belgium brought a picture of falling shells, of battle scarred lands, of wounded men, and agonized women. Four months is a little part of a lifetime and not nearly long enough to heal the scars of those ravaged countries, the wounds of those men, or the broken hearts of the women.

Lest We Forget

But, for those of us who are safely in America, it is long enough to forget much that we ought to remember. We no longer wake in the night with the fear that unless we do our part, our country, too, may have to suffer. We no longer are filled with an ever-present dread lest the name of the boy who went from our own home may be among those on the latest casualty list. And so, because for us life is very much as it was in the days when we still believed that war belonged to the uncivilized past, we are forgetting that for thousands and thousands of women in other countries, war is still a very terrible fact.

Where Your Help is Still Needed

Our contributions to the various funds to help those who have suffered in the war are needed just as much to-day as they were needed last year or the year before or the year before that. The Germans have been driven out of France and Belgium, but their going has not brought back the pleasant homes, and growing fields, and fruit-laden orchards. Peace has come, but it can not bring the husbands and fathers and sons who gave their lives for democracy. And those who are left behind, the sick, the old people, the women, and children, are facing a future that can only be bearable if we who have suffered so much less will share some part of their problems.

The War Babies Cradle

There are many ways in which we can help, many charities through which we can send money or garments that will bring comfort with them. One of these charities, the War Babies Cradle, is told about on page 53 of this issue. It is, perhaps, one of the most appealing of all, for it is, as the name implies, a charity for the benefit of little children orphaned by the war and babies brought into the world in strange towns and under strange roofs, because the towns and homes where they belonged were destroyed by the enemy. The pitiful story of some of these tiny sufferers is told in the article. Won't you read it and let it be a reminder of the part that is still there for you to take in the Great War?

VOL. 53. NO. 6 WHOLE NO. 1114

CONTENTS

for

Late March 1919

Special Features

War Substitutes for a Father and Mother - - 53
Shops That Come to Your Window - - - - 55
The Open Season for Banquets - - - - - - 63
George Washington in Paris - - - - - - 73
The End of a Perfect War - - - - - - - 74-75
Let Nature Take Its Course in Germany - - 76
The Hohenzollerns in New York - - - - - 77
Art in Politics - - - - - - - - - - - - 79
Peace Reigns in the Canine World - - - - 80-81

Costumes

Paris Frocks That Saw President Wilson - - 35-41
Evening Gowns from Paris Are Very Short - - 42-43
Gowns Designed by Baron de Meyer - - - - 44-45
The New Silks and Chiffons Are Daintily Designed - - - - - - - - - - - - - 46
Outdoor Costumes for the First Spring Days - 82
In the Shops - - - - - - - - - - - - 83
Dressing on a War Income - - - - - - - 84

Miscellaneous Fashions

New Shoes for Cinderella - - - - - - - - 47-49
Vogue Suggests a Revival of the Lace Collar - 50
French Fabrics for American Frocks - - - - 56-57

Society

Mrs. Oren Root - - - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*
New York Frocks and Festivities - - - - - 51
Madame Enrico Caruso - - - - - - - - - 52
Three American Brides - - - - - - - - - 54

The Fine Arts

Helen Hayes - - - - - - - - - - - - - 58
Seen on the Stage - - - - - - - - - - - 59
In European Ballets - - - - - - - - - - 60
Art in the Unchanging East - - - - - - - 61
The Fantasy of the Ballet - - - - - - - 61
Studies in Black and White - - - - - - - 62
A Museum That Earns Its Keep - - - - - 71
Mary Garden, as Gismonda - - - - - - - 72
Dégas, a Sculptor as Well as a Painter - - - 78

Decoration

The New York Apartment of Mrs. Oliver Perin 64-65
A Patio Garden in Boston - - - - - - - 66-67
On Looking Up from a Garden - - - - - - 68-69
When to Use a China Cabinet - - - - - - 70

Of Varied Interest

A Hearthside - - - - - - - - - - - - - 71
A War Wedding - - - - - - - - - - - - 92

The Contents of this Magazine are copyrighted throughout the World by The Vogue Company 1919

VOGUE is published on the fifth and the twentieth of every month, by the Vogue Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York; Condé Nast, President; Barrett Andrews, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; Edna Woolman Chase, Editor; Heyworth Campbell, Art Director; Philippe Ortiz, European Director.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 48 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Louvre { 29-26 / 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris

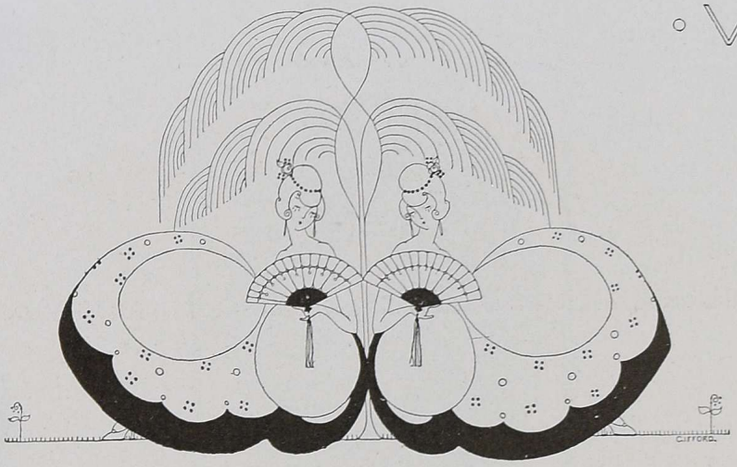
LONDON
Rolls House
Breams Buildings
E. C.
Cable Address
Dawvog London

NEW YORK
19 West 44th Street
Cable Address
Vonork New York

The Misses Selby

MRS. OREN ROOT

Mrs. Root, who was Miss Ada de Acosta, a sister of Mrs. Philip Lydig and Miss Mercedes de Acosta, is photographed with her two children, Oren and Alva. Mrs. Root is Chairman of the Enterprise Committee of the American Committee for Devastated France, of which Miss Anne Morgan is President, and is interested in many other charities. Her husband is a nephew of Senator Elihu Root



PARIS FROCKS THAT SAW PRESIDENT WILSON

At the Fêtes and Festivities in Honour of Visiting Celebrities from the Allied Nations, the Parisienne Wore Her Most Sumptuous Gowns and Gorgeous Jewels

WORTH

Grey wool and a trimming of black liberty silk in scalloped bands go for an interesting stroll together in this simple walking costume

THE wretched weather which we have had for weeks and weeks decided to cheer up for the official visit of President Wilson. The enthusiasm in the streets became a perfect delirium as his victoria, drawn by handsome horses, traversed the wide avenues, conducting the great chief of the United States to the princely domicile reserved for him. At the right and at the left, in the streets, in all the restaurants, pennants of the American colours streamed out joyously. The midinettes ran about along the Boulevards, dragging with them American soldiers, each one wearing the stars and stripes in his buttonhole. *"Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!"* were the cries that filled the air. The President was followed to the doors of the Hôtel Murat where he is staying and which, in its magnificent aspect, its gardens, and its location, back from the street, reminds one of the beautiful residences of New York which overlook Central Park. Interesting features of the mansion are the special installation of a wireless apparatus on the ground floor, by which the President can communicate directly, through the *Tour Eiffel*, with Washington and New York. The house is filled with souvenirs of the First Empire,—portraits, busts, and furniture which belonged to Napoleon and to the King of Naples. Among the pictures, one of immense value is that of "Daphnis and Chloe," by David, which adds to the beauty and elegance which is worthy to serve as a frame for the President of the United States and Mrs. Wilson.

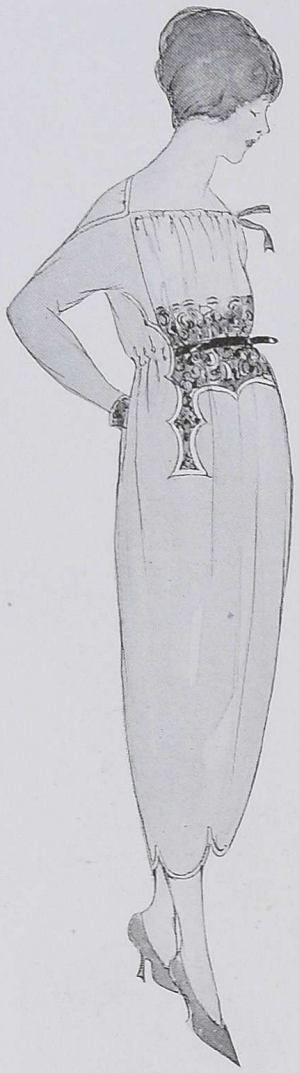
IN HONOUR OF PRESIDENT WILSON

The American colony was *en fête*, and though balls were prohibited, every one danced just the same; but then, there is dancing everywhere now, after dinner and at tea time. Frenchwomen of prominence and actresses, after their performances, opened their houses and fêted the officers of the Allies day and night; often the evening affairs lasted till four o'clock in the morning. It would seem as if women have not had enough food restrictions and want to be thinner than ever, and so dance in order to attain their end.

On a recent evening, I arrived at six o'clock at the home of my intrepid friend, Mahaut. The negro orchestra seemed never to have played so loud, and the couples were dancing the most modern dances *à la "Bamboula."* Certainly the women looked slenderer than ever, and it is just as well for such dances as these; but we should like to have the men also dance themselves a little thinner, for thinness is necessary for this African exercise in which they indulge. I advise the men to go through a course of hygiene as the

DŒUILLET

French inspiration combined itself with blue serge in this tailleur with a tiny trimming of blue wool and red embroidery on the belt



WORTH

This wise white wool jersey frock, seeing the success of embroidery and scallops, wondered which to choose and finally decided to take both

MARIA GUY

Cut ends of pink taffeta ribbon form a wreath around the crown of this blue straw hat

Langfier

MARIA GUY

This rose Georgette crêpe garden hat grows pink roses and trimmings of grey silk and is worn, like the model above, by Mlle. Pierrette Madd of the Boufes-Parisiens

VALENTINE ABOUT

"Rose de Chine" Georgette crêpe and yards and yards of rose satin ribbon turned into a hat—do you wonder that Mlle. Pierrette Madd likes to wear it?

WORTH

Modes may come and styles may go, but blue serge will be popular forever. This model has a vest embroidered in gold and crossed black satin bands

food restrictions do not seem to have been enough for them, and they will be much more attractive partners for the slender ladies. How pretty the women look this spring of 1919, so sylph-like in their tightly fitted frocks with flying fringes or tunics to billow out with the movement of the dance.

THE NEW MATERIALS

The favoured stuffs are very thin, and some are transparent. The young and pretty Princesse Jacques de Broglie wears a gown of black chiffon pleated from top to bottom and extremely tight fitting. It is very short and very décolletée, cut in a point, and the arms are plainly seen under a single thickness of black chiffon for a sleeve. Madame Doyen, the widow of the great doctor, wears a gown almost unbelievably short, covered with little black fringes arranged in motifs with a charming effect, as if her extremely slender figure were sheathed in silk threads. On her head she wears a turban, or cap, whichever you like to call it, a head-dress without either trimming or decoration which follows the pretty shape of her head. This form of headgear is adopted by many women for dancing. The Vicomtesse de Sainte Croix always swathes her hair in a turban of velvet or of dull silk which she winds around her head before going out. Her cape of broadtail is an extremely new idea, very full, quite short, and thrown over one shoulder as the romantics of 1830 used to wear them. Even in the height of the spring this supple fur will be worn; furs have been worn a great deal in summer during the last few years.

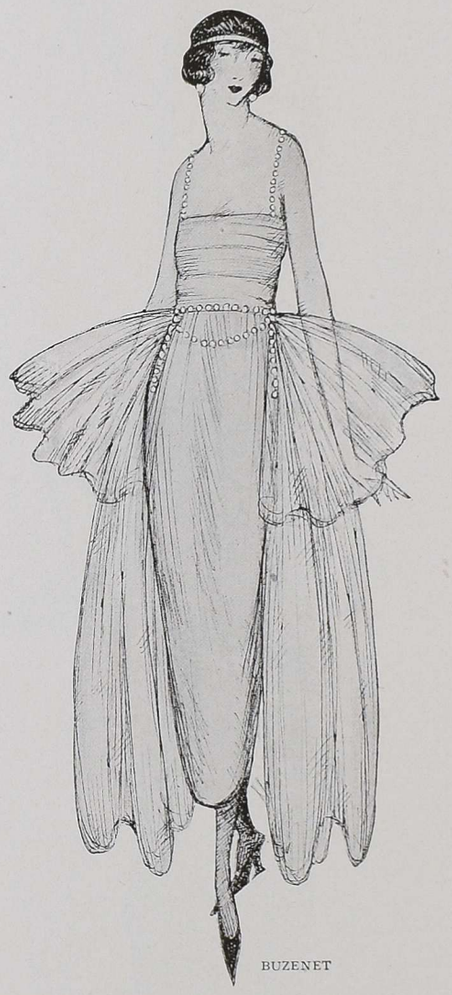
Mlle. Cécile Sorel was seen dancing, recently, in a great flat hat made of soft coloured silk with a bright green plume of glycerinized ostrich falling like a fringe. She dances like a young girl and has preserved her slender girlish figure. After all, who does not dance now?

One of the most brilliant fêtes of the spring season was that of the "Association Générale du Travail" held in the Foyer of the Opéra. There was a dinner served at little tables and an extraordinary animation in a crowd of more than four hundred persons, including the most elegant women in Paris and many actresses, as well as many pretty strangers. I can not say that the evening gowns showed any great changes, in spite of the fact that some of them had the sides held out with hoops, giving the silhouette of the "Infantas" whom Velasquez has made immortal. Madame Missia Edwards was dressed in a very simple corsage of cuirass form with a little belt of monkey fur on "salad" green taffeta. As for hairdressing, she wore a bandeau of jet with a group of black glycerinized ostrich feathers at the left. This arrangement was high and gave a pretty outline to her head. The Princesse Lucien Murat had swathed her black hair in fine *"girandoles de givre."* Her gown of blue green "océan" was ornamented with little black ostrich feathers, and there was a square train which fell from the waist and was bordered with the same feathers. This costume is sketched on page 42. Seated at the door of one of the drawing-rooms in which they were dancing furiously, I saw all these smart and less smart people, and I thought that many of the women who are no longer in their girlhood were dressing too youthfully for their age. I very much like this return to trains for evening dress, because at least this bit of stuff marks the difference between a young girl and a woman.

A CHARMING COSTUME

One very smart Parisienne was dressed in a velvety stuff the colour of amber and was enveloped in a great veil of blond tulle, a bit of lightness which Chéruit adds to all her ball gowns this season. She wore no ornament at all on her head and had her hair brushed back and cut above the ears. Throughout the dinner, she kept on her pelisse of chinchilla. The Duchesse Sforza

If one's skirt is of plain black satin, like this one worn by the Marquise de Chabannes, that is all the more reason why one's jacket should be glittering gold cloth embroidered in black chenille and possessing a reversible black satin side that turns into collar and cuffs. And, after all, the skirt is not as demure as it might be, for its ends by tucking itself under in a manner that is distinctly suggestive of the harem



BUZENET

This rose of a frock, of the night-blooming variety, is of rose tulle over rose satin, trimmed with pearls, and may be seen on any evening, exhibited by Mlle. Colliney at the Théâtre de l'Odéon. With feminine contrariness, it shows the wide Infanta silhouette in the midst of this slinkiest of slender seasons

RENÉE

Tulle is leading a life of endless gaiety at present, going to ever so many festivities in such lovely forms as this bead-trimmed blue tulle gown over a soft straight slip of delicate rose and silver cloth. Its sash is tied in the very newest manner with a huge butterfly bow of tulle standing out frivolously at one side

This shimmery symphony in black is the Vicomtesse de Sainte-Croix, turbaned in black velvet, caped in black satin with glossy monkey fringe and a collar of black and white stripes, and frocked in black velvet with a twinkling band of black jet and ever so many small motifs of black passamenterie embroidery

BUZENET

Under the rose-bestrewn brim of a black satin hat from Valentine About is the charming smile of the little actress, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. That's all one really has to know, but because it's so very chic, one notices that there's a dress of black satin with four pert front ruffles and absurd little sleeves edged becomingly with skunk

BUZENET

Mlle. Dartois of the Théâtre du Vaudeville kept her airy black lace ruffles from floating away by an apron of heavy steel pailletes, ending in a fringe of quivering steel beads

was also wrapped in chinchilla, showing only a part of her curious gown which was a lattice of gold that suggested a birdcage. With it she wore a toque of gold cloth with a tassel dangling at the side.

As for waist-lines, are they high or low? I see some women with the waist-line at its normal place, like the Princesse Rogatien de Lucinge, and others with no marked line at all, but with a fringe or band of fur marking the middle of the body. Corsets? None whatever! At the most, a belt without boning which is only worn to keep up the stockings by holding the garters. It is in this way that women manage to appear so wonderfully supple.

THE "INFANTA" SILHOUETTE

Worth made for Mlle. d'Hinnisdal, for this same fête, a marvellous Infanta gown; it was of damask in silver and gold on a black ground, the hips were held out by hoops, and the richness of material and simplicity of form were worthy of this noble daughter of France. On her distinguished head she wore a diadem of jet set with diamond flowers. The slender and supple Princesse Daisy de Broglie was charming in a gown of black crêpe, very light and held in to the figure at the back and on the shoulders with shiny cock's feathers. I saw this same gown repeated with black and white feathers, but it was much prettier in all black. This is in truth the era of fantasy; women are not wearing one style of gown a season. Those who have originality, collaborate with the great dressmakers, giving and taking suggestions, and often carrying out their

BUZENET

One finds at the Odéon charms within charms. First there is "Cabotin" which presents Mlle. Barelly; and then there is Mlle. Barelly who presents a gown of blue charmeuse with a queer little draped apron front embroidered in many brilliant colours and a lighter girdle, above which there flares a band of monkey fur

DŒUILLET

Two slim little shoulder straps of black pearls bear the responsibility of introducing this slightly draped gown of black and gold metal brocade

It was sheer audacity for bright gold tulle to pretend innocence when, demure in every line, it slipped in an apron effect over the black satin foundation of this distinctive gown

PAQUIN

PAQUIN

The long and the short of a turquoise velvet gown embroidered with a motif of pearls and turquoises is a slender train and a skirt of Parisian brevity

CHÉRUIT

A brown velvet gown worn by the Comtesse de Roche is embroidered in black and silver and, at the side, has a panel of brown satin. Over the brim of the Reboux hat of blue velvet leans a curve of brown ostrich

own ideas, according to their own fancy.

At one o'clock in the morning all the important people left the fête to go and dance at Madame Rutherford Stuyvesant's, who was giving a supper. The Vicomtesse de Sainte-Croix wore the charming draped gown sketched on page 42, which allowed one of her legs to be seen almost to the knee. The shawls which she always wears instead of wraps are one of the originalities of this very individual woman. At the Italian Embassy she was dressed in white tulle with short Turkish trousers, a costume which was very becoming to her slender figure. This gown is sketched on page 43.

AT THE ITALIAN EMBASSY

This great fête at the Italian Embassy occurred two days after that given at the Opéra. It was a great success and recalled the days before the war. Never have I seen more tiaras, and never better worn. Famous tiaras and *rivières* were showing themselves once more in the beautiful Hotel Gallifet, well known for its balls under the Second Empire. The Comtesse Bonin-Longare, the wife of the Italian Embassador, who is a famous beauty, was dressed in white and coiffed with a tiara worn low on the forehead. She received her King that evening, and she had arranged the horseshoe shaped table in the salon of the First Empire. Flowers in the three colours of Italy surrounded the marvellous "surtout" of silver which is a museum treasure. At ten o'clock the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible to move, but the general view was marvelous. Delightfully pretty women, all sumptuously dressed, were present in large numbers. It would be impossible to describe the whole series of gowns which passed and repassed until they put out the lights; but the "*clou*" of the whole occasion was the court progress which took place at the departure of the King and which the Count and Countess had not expected. Footmen and *maîtres d'hôtel* improvised in five minutes a procession of candles, and one of the things which one saw in this semi-obscurity, which paled the splendid diamonds worn by the guests, was General Foch, standing at the entrance of one of the salons in the light of the candles which circled around him, and lighted especially by one carried by a musician of the Italian Infantry, who held his candle as high as the head of our great *generalissimo*. Beautiful women in long spangled gowns looked at him without daring to speak . . . this great warrior a little tired by all that he went through on the field of battle.

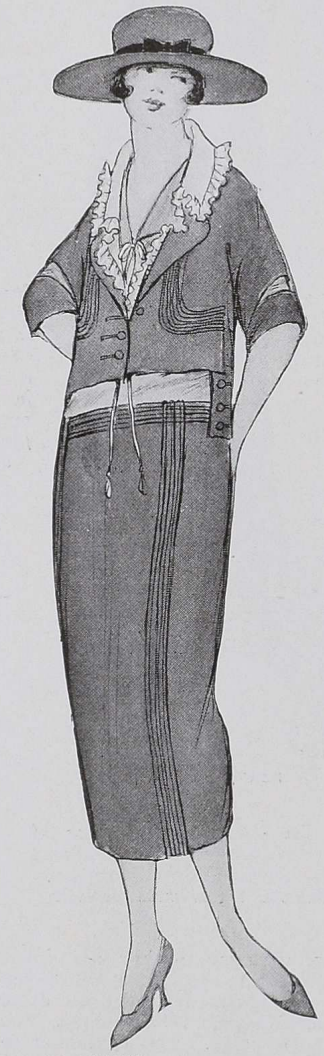
"Go and speak to him. Tell him what we think of him!" cried one woman, sparkling with diamonds, to another younger one who was dressed in white and wore only a crown of frosted leaves as an ornament.

LANVIN

Those interesting lines that mark so much smartness on this navy blue serge tailleur are white stitching and white embroidery —trimmings to which the new spring suits are partial

MARTIAL ET ARMAND

(Left) This Parisienne decided that the pleasantest way to spend the afternoon, this spring, was in a frock of brown silk jersey and brown crêpe with a trimming that is neither a collar nor a scarf, but an altogether original affair of red, yellow, blue, and green wool with square ornaments of black taffeta



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

This one-piece frock of dark blue serge, marked by tiny serge folds, convinces one that it is a suit by means of the green taffeta blouse that peeps out under a white organdie collar

LANVIN

(Right) Striped as gaily as a Roman scarf is this marine blue serge frock with a front that is just one row of steel, brown, and blue embroidery after another. There are blue coroso buttons at the sides, and embroidered white tulle edges the cuffs

"I don't dare—who would know what to say to a man of such importance?"

At last the Comtesse d'Harcourt dared to break this barrier of respect which separated the general from the crowd. She approached and, talking with him, led him to another room where he again excited the curiosity of all.

The Comtesse de Beaumont, the Princesse Murat, and the Comtesse d'Hautpoul wore tiaras beautiful enough to light the room by themselves. At midnight electricity was restored for the departure of the guests. Who was it said that no one had an automobile any more? The whole block formed by the residence of the Ambassador, the houses of the rue de la Varenne, and the rue de Grenelle, was filled with a double line of automobiles extending as far as the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The Countesse Bonin-Longare is a fairy who can enchant any one she wishes, and this fête which she gave proved it once again.

At present, now that life has returned to a normal course, women wish to refresh themselves and to remain no longer the "*mouton de Panurge*" which the war forced them to be. So we see them going again to all the museums to gather ideas and inspirations from this style or that, as it may appeal to their taste. They tell us that the Louvre will reopen in a short time and that the treasures hidden in the provinces during the bombardment will once more be in their places. How delightful! For us who chronicle woman and her caprices, it is a pleasure to announce this renewal of normal life. It heralds without doubt a fight against the apathy of the late seasons in which women were content to adopt the chemise frock made by a dressmaker and not a single one was willing to change it or to offer a suggestion for something new. Apropos of this, I liked the little costume, so very different, which Mrs. Arthur Meyer has been wearing lately, and in which I saw her at Reboux's where she was trying on a toque. It was of black serge with a vest embroidered in taupe and a shawl-shaped collar of mole, very open and allowing some wonderful Valenciennes laced with pink ribbon to be seen. We see here the return of lace, which the war suppressed, and I have just seen some charming lace collars and other trimmings shown by Madame Grandjanin who was clever enough to give us these models as long ago as last November.

TIBURCE

Dresses take many a sudden notion in these giddy days, and this black satin loops itself up on one side only to form a straight smooth panel on the opposite side. Then there is a bit of gold tissue for the bodice, with straps of jet, ending in jet tassels, to accent pretty shoulders

TIBURCE

When a saucy French dress does not do unexpected things with its lines, it adopts unexpected contrasts of material. Here a black satin frock drapes its bodice to one side over a chemise of silver tulle embroidered with shining fine-spun silver

A WHIRL OF ELEGANCE

Fortunately things have changed at last, and we can now talk of many subjects forbidden during the war. In this whirl of elegance which has suddenly overtaken us, the dressmakers are about to make, in the space of a few weeks, an effort far more considerable than that of war time. All the women are demanding evening gowns at once, and afternoon gowns, as well, and there are splendours piled up for them at Worth's, Chéruit's, Paquin's, Dœuillet's, Premet's, Beer's, and Jenny's. All of these designers have shown a personality and taste worthy of their great reputations. Madame Renée, whose creations we have often spoken of, is showing a series of spring gowns of which we wish no less than all of them. Madame Renée, who has a great following, will surprise us this season by the unexpected effect of her creations, and many smart women are waiting for her collection in order to model their taste for the summer upon it. Though her collection is not finished, we are showing one of her models in the sketch on page 37. This gown was designed for Madame Brighton and is light, young, and well-made to go with the lightness of spirit which we all desire at this moment. We are all eager to amuse ourselves and to take part in the reunions of beauty and elegance, and while this may seem frivolous, underneath are serious and profound reasons. Those who are interested in economic movements, those who know what propaganda means, will understand at once.

There will be a great contrast between these February openings, held during the momentous sittings of the Peace Conference, and those of last August when the Big Bertha was bombarding the city at intervals of twenty minutes and the intrepid were rushing to the dressmaking houses between shells. It is astonishing to remember the coolness with which Paris behaved under these trying conditions and the really remarkable variety shown at the various establishments. The openings of this season are awaited with an impatience which exceeds that of other seasons. There are those who predict sensational novelties, and there are others who shake their heads and say "Paris does not begin to create with the finished fabrics; she commences with the undyed threads." This is only another way of reiterating the importance of that cooperation between the designer, manufacturer, dressmaker, and women of fashion which has given Paris her place in the world of dress.

In the meantime, the clothes that women are actually wearing at the present moment are full of suggestion of coming styles,—that is to say, the clothes of those women whose taste and elegance is above reproach. It is for this reason that we have given so much space to the various gowns seen at some of the smart functions with which Paris has been amusing itself and entertaining its distinguished guests. In the great rush to obtain new frocks for these occasions, the women have cooperated again with their dressmakers as they did before the war. They are again demanding true Parisian elegance.

J. R. F.

TIBURCE

Dusky night and the silver moon form a combination that pleases the severest critic; so how could a black satin jet-fringed frock do better than add a flash of silver cloth to its bodice and tiered skirt and silver to the drops of its tassels?

With the very wise knowledge in her smart little turbanea head, that the most striking thing in the world of dress is a costume all of black and white, Madame de Sainte-Croix appeared at the fête for the General Association of Labour in a white satin evening dress, draped modishly to show her silken ankles and, inadvertantly, to show her silken knees. Over this dress she wore the slinky dripping folds of a fringed black satin shawl, which is her favourite variety of wrap, and her eyes and hair were demurely hidden in the smallest of black turbans, which is the correct place to hide them in Paris, for turbans have become small but important bits of the evening costume

PARIS GOWNS DISPLAY AN UNPRECEDENTED AMOUNT OF SLENDER LEG IN FRONT, AND TRAIL BEHIND A SLENDER WASPISH LENGTH OF TRAIN

The very youthful shortness of the ocean blue taffeta dress, worn by the Princesse Lucien Murat, assumed impressive dignity in the broad train that, in a fashion quite its own, came over each shoulder to form short sleeves. Around both the skirt and train ostrich flues curled their way. The long fitted bodice was of gold lace, and one understood the skirt's hesitation at concealing the shapely ankles clad in sheer gold silk

This gown from Premet has so many whims one is assured of its absolute femininity. Black satin starts to be dignified, but before it reaches the knees it abruptly changes its mind and tucks itself up in the giddiest way, trailing one slim strip of black into the pretence of a train. Gold lace forms a simple fichu, but bursts into the sauciness of ruffles on each hip and, extending down the back, adds its gold to the narrow black train

THE MOST PROMINENT EVENING GOWNS OF PARIS HAVE CAST THEIR VOTE FOR SHORT SKIRTS, FRINGE, AND FEATHERS

(Left) A new evening frock that does all of the things that a new evening frock ought to do, is this black crêpe model which Chéruit designed for the Princesse de Broglie. The skirt is as short in front and as long in the train as a skirt could well be, the waist has almost dispensed with a back, and the whole has glycerinized ostrich plumes for the very striking trimming

One might almost think that a lady from a Turkish harem had come to visit Paris when one sees Madame de Sainte Croix in her soft white silk tulle frock fringed with white ostrich, trousered—yes, it has real trousers—with white satin banded with pearls, and girdled with a sash of extravagant proportions. Her white chiffon turban is both Oriental and a very recent mode in Paris

Of course, it is a smart Parisienne who wears this Chéruit frock of light velvet damask, gold in colour, made like a straight chemise, and slit high at either side with the gay disregard of prudery that marks the spring of 1919. Her slippers and stockings are grey to match her soft chinchilla coat, and her pearls are as many and as lovely as the jewels of a fairy-tale princess

(Left) Black silk fringe drips from all the edges of this green taffeta frock made by Chéruit and worn by Madame Godebska-Edwards

Baron de Meyer

It seems almost incongruous for a fairy gown of rose chiffon and threads of silver to do anything as conventional as to drape itself in lines that give the newest silhouette, but that is what this dinner gown of rose chiffon over pink satin does, when it drapes itself to the front. The bodice also is draped to the front and where it meets the skirt there are two picot-edged frills of chiffon loosely knotted. Over the gown falls a straight loose coat of the same delicate rose spun all over with the frailest of silver threads

BARON DE MEYER HAS DESIGNED THIS ALL ROSE EVENING GOWN, ANOTHER OF BLAZING AND FLAME-LIKE COLOURS, AND WRAPS THAT FOLLOW CLOSELY THE MANDARIN LINES OF THE ORIENT

(Below) If some one (some one who was not the Baron de Meyer) had said that orange and cerise velvet would combine, in patched and alternating pieces, to make an evening wrap, one might have doubted, but here it is like the most gorgeous and vivid of Oriental robes, from which it takes its hues. The Chinese mandarin lines are loose and becoming, deep cuffs turn back on the sleeves to show the orange lining, two ornaments of velvet and embroidery fasten the front. Gold fringe outlines the neck and threads of gold completely cover the surface of the velvet

(Below) Certain quaint and fascinating touches to this street suit of old French blue silk poplin and black satin endeavour to delude one into believing the lady one of China's most impressive mandarins. The Chinese coat of poplin is finished with a narrow collar and deep bands of satin around the bottom. The half sleeves have a slender band of satin, and the most correct of Chinese hats in black satin has a deep tassel of black embroidery floss on top. Under the coat one glimpses the frailness of a chiffon blouse, embroidered charmingly in black and gold

Baron de Meyer

A blaze of colour flames in this evening gown of cloth of gold trimmed with old-blue velvet ribbons embroidered in pearls and rhinestones. Gold net forms the underbodice, and at the back is drawn into draperies which spread out like sheer wings. The skirt is draped in an unusual fashion, and the long-waisted bodice disappears at the back in a sudden décolletage, leaving behind only a cloud of gold net

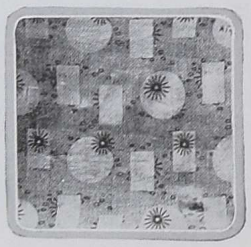
THE NEW SILKS ARE SOFT IN QUALITY AND FULL OF FANCY COLOURING, AND CHIFFONS ARE PRINTED WITH MISTY FLOWERS AND CHECKS

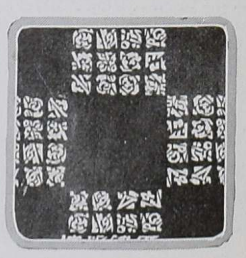
ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY RITA SENGER

Gay enough for any bright summer day is a frock of Moon Glo taffeta and Moon Glo crêpe. The soft taffeta has a light tan ground marked with navy blue and violet figures. Bands of this frivolous taffeta run down the long-waisted crêpe bodice and finish the neck in tabs. A gypsy girdle of the crêpe ties with Carmen-like grace around the softly pleated taffeta skirt and falls into tan silk fringe

Clouds of warmly coloured chiffon puff and drape into this soft afternoon gown. Against a brick-toned background printed flowers scroll their navy blue petals. Sheer drapery of navy blue chiffon forms the sleeves, and the belt of the same tone flutters into restless streamers. A steel buckle twinkles at one side. The hobble effect at the bottom of the skirt is made from ruffles of navy blue chiffon

Wholly feminine in soft lines and materials is an afternoon gown in tan taffeta with an overdress of navy blue chiffon checked in soft tan. Rosettes and bands of navy taffeta make an original trimming. Neck, skirt openings, belt, and sleeves are all outlined with navy blue silk braid, and the belt is finished with a rosette of taffeta and braid. Samples of these materials are shown below





NEW SHOES FOR CINDERELLA

DEMEYER.

Baron de Meyer

Can one wonder that Sun-nee sits adoringly beside the feet that wear these flesh coloured satin slippers, so chic with their crescent rhinestone buckles and so gay with the little pleated satin fans behind them?

SHOES FROM J. AND J. SLATER

If Cinderella wore slippers as charming as these of white satin trimmed with oval buckles of large brilliants and a loop of satin and topped by flesh coloured silk stockings with Chantilly lace insertions dyed to match—then, of course, one quite understands the ending of the fairy-tale

These afternoon slippers of black satin have four straps worked with eyelets through which black satin ribbons are laced and tied around the ankles. With slippers as decorative as these, a sheer plain silk stocking is worn. These slippers are a charming accompaniment to an afternoon frock

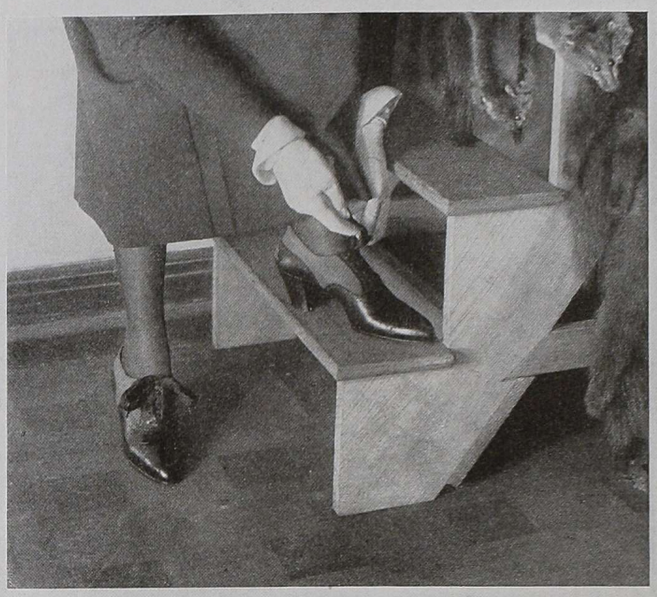
(Below) Obviously—and delightfully—French is the black kid afternoon shoe, short of vamp, cut high over the instep, and fastened with a tiny strap. There is a buckle of silver and brilliants backed by a leather tongue; shoes from Bob

The little round toe of these rose coloured velvet slippers is a plain indication that their maker is French, and the two straps that cross the instep are just as good evidence of his excellent taste in designing a shoe to peep out from under the loveliest fluffiest tea-gown; from Bob

(Below) Silver slippers with buckles that twinkle gaily with brilliants and emeralds set in silver—such slippers are sure to tread a pleasant path and very apt to find one that leads straight to the altar. The stockings have an openwork zigzag pattern with fine embroidery between

(Below) Perhaps one of the very best reasons why we all look forward to those luxurious hours spent in a négligé is the fact that then our footwear can be as dainty and delightful as these mules of yellow satin frilled with lace and trimmed with tiny flowers in pastel shades

Baron de Meyer



For morning wear with a severely tailored suit, nothing is smarter than a low walking shoe of tan Russian calf with a perforated tip and inserts of tan cloth

Correct footwear for a walk in the park or country is this pair of boots of Russian calf with grey suède tops and Cuban heels. The police dog is a chic escort

Baron de Meyer

SHOES FROM J. AND J. SLATER

One may be quite certain that the woman who brings the world to her feet has dressed those selfsame feet in slippers as dainty and captivating as these of black satin with their sparkling oblong buckles of brilliants and in stockings as charming as this pair with their diamond-shaped inserts of real lace

Baron de Meyer

Spanish blond lace and soft fichu lines are a combination too obviously lovely to require comment, and one which makes us all resolve to resurrect our old laces without delay. A diamond brooch set in platinum fastens the fichu

The hard severe neck-line that has been used for the past two seasons was a little too just and not quite generous enough to most women. A more merciful mode is the real lace collar, always softly charming, and always flattering to the wearer. Because of this, Vogue suggests a revival of this delightful fashion. Above is shown a large shaped collar of real Honiton lace. Worn with a simple gown of black velvet, and held in at the waist by a diamond brooch, it is very pretty and becoming. The large hat is a combination of tulle and black lace with a drooping brim which turns up at the back

LACE COLLARS FROM MRS. BELL

JEWELS FROM DREICER

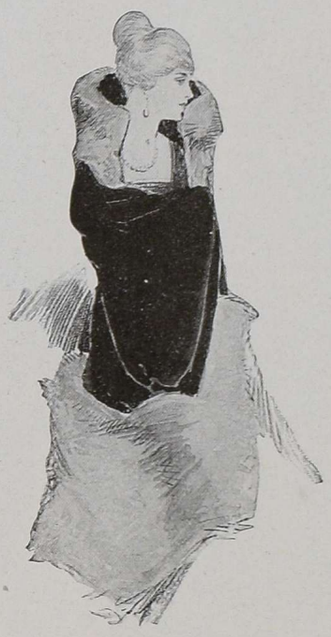
VOGUE SUGGESTS A REVIVAL OF THE SOFT BECOMING REAL LACE COLLAR

The lines of this Point de Venise collar have fallen in very pleasant places, for this simple round neck-line is a style which is becoming to almost every one. A lovely diamond and emerald lavalieré is worn on a platinum chain

NEW YORK FROCKS AND FESTIVITIES

Society Dances for Charity, Wearing Charming Costumes, Jewellery, and Coiffures

A jewelled coronet and a high pointed coiffure accentuated the charm of an Englishwoman seen recently at the opera



The appearance of Mrs. Vincent Astor, who has recently returned from France, caused not a little interest at "Le Coq d'Or"

This interesting coiffure with its two Gretchen knots was held in place by a bandeau of pearls and sparkling diamonds

FEARFUL and wonderful are the ways of the débutante of the present generation. One never knows what she is going to do. One can never guess what she will say. She is past mistress in the art of camouflage, and only a highly trained intuition could detect her true self under her various disguises. One day she is a demure sixteen, the next a thoroughly sophisticated thirty. The cessation of the war has given the younger set time to think about the things that the younger set usually thinks of. While canteen work and stenography and nursing are still with us, they occupy far less time than in the past, and even the most serious young life is now enlivened by more or less frivolity.

The dance which was given by the young women who have been acting as waitresses at the Bird Cage Tea Room, the Red Cross tea room on Fifth Avenue, which has been such a success, brought out the young people in force, and it was an eminently successful evening. All the young girls who, without ever having been formally introduced, have somehow come to be looked upon as débutantes, were on hand, most of them in soft-toned chiffon frocks which made a pleasing picture against the neutral walls against which, well overhead, the illuminated birds from which the tea room receives its name made vivid splashes of colour. Representative of the amazing versatility of youth was the ensemble of the costume worn by the youthful ivory-skinned Miss Sheila Byrne. Her bobbed dark hair was bound about with a ribbon in such a way as to give the effect of bangs and below this, in her seventeen-year old ears, she wore, if you please, long jet earrings. This was accompanied by a sophisticated black lace and chiffon gown which made the young lady appear an interesting thirty years or thereabout.

Dance dresses continue to be made very much after the same model, consisting, as a rule, of

(*Continued on page 89*)

Mrs. Craig Biddle's black satin gown has two bands that are a becoming compromise between sleeves and sleevelessness

Very lovely was Mrs. E. H. Harriman's wrap made of black velvet combined with black and silver chiffon brocade

A bit of tulle gave Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt's French frock of terra cotta velours the proper American length

Baron de Meyer

MADAME ENRICO CARUSO

Madame Caruso, who was Miss Dorothy Benjamin, the daughter of Mr. Park Benjamin, was married to the famous tenor last summer. They are living in New York at present, and are planning to visit Italy in the spring

Mrs. Jules S. Bache, head of The War Babies' Cradle in America, has made it possible for women over here to help mothers and motherless babies in France

Rita Martin

WAR SUBSTITUTES FOR A FATHER AND MOTHER

The War Babies' Cradle Is a Waiting Cradle for Hundreds of Babies in France

Just a tiny bit of a boy, but he must go all his life one-armed

IT isn't hard to do anything once; even the most selfish of us have moments of altruism. The thing that tries the muscle of our souls is the long pull, the pull distributed over days and months and years—especially the pull without unusual incitement—and with no applause.

The charities brought into being by the tempest of war have now reached the stage where it will be much more difficult to get funds. Reconstruction requires more than zeal; it requires patience; and patience (it is safe to say) is the rarest of all the virtues.

Back in July, 1916, the Countess Marie de Hemptienne had charge of a depot in Paris where food and clothing were received for distribution among the destitute, especially those soldiers' wives who were about to become mothers. This charity was aptly—and pitifully—called The War Babies' Cradle.

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA

But at last a point came beyond which poor France, wounded and pillaged and shell-shocked, couldn't provide for her daughters and many of them were bringing their babies into the world on heaps of straw, strewn on the floor of miserable and unheated cabins. The Countess de Hemptienne bethought her of America, that wide, free, rich land where there was no war, and the result was an appeal to Mrs. Jules S. Bache, of New York City, to become the head of a branch of the W. B. C. in the United States. In her letters the Countess said: "I have seen many of these homes, and I have seen many soldiers who, when returning to the firing line, said to me that their great anxiety was about their little ones lying on the straw on the wet floor. I have done all I could. I promised them each time to give a bed to the mother, but unfortunately I have nothing left, and we have decided, a few friends and I, not to take any rest until we have given a bed to each woman who is about to become a mother. We will ask all over the world. We are sure that Americans will not refuse to help us. We want beds, sheets, blankets, cradles, baby blankets, milk, or money to buy these things and to pay a woman during ten days to take care of the mother and child."

To a two-year-old the world seems very large with only a twin left to protect one

To American women, accustomed to so much care and love, it seems pitifully little to ask. A branch of the W. B. C. was formed at once and funds have been coming in ever since. The committee in charge is as follows: General Committee, Mr. Jules S. Bache, Mrs. Jules S. Bache, Honorable Peter T. Barlow, Mr. George Gordon Battle, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mrs. J. Frances A. Clark, Lady Cole-Brooke, Colonel William C. Cornwell, Mrs. Charles H. Ditson, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. Lawrence L. Gillespie, Mr. J. Horace Harding, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Francis Roche, Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, Mr. Balentine P. Snyder, Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, and Mrs. Orme

(*Continued on page 87*)

When one isn't feeling very happy it's pretty sad not to have any one at all to wipe the tears away

The lonely feeling that being an orphan is sure to bring, is somewhat dispelled by a doll of one's own

(*Below*) *Miss Eleanora Morgan, daughter of Dr. James Dudley Morgan, was the bride of Major Maurice Fitzmaurice Day, M. C., of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, at a very simple wedding in her country home, Dudlea, at Chevy Chase, Washington. The bride's only attendant was Mrs. Scott Thropp, and the ceremony was followed by a small reception*

(*Below*) *The church of St. Mary's at Portsmouth was charmingly decorated for the wedding of Miss Barbara Norman, daughter of Mr. Bradford Norman, and Ensign Daniel W. Jones, U. S. N. R., of St. Louis. The bridesmaids included Miss Alexandra Dolan, Miss Suzanne Pierson, Miss Barbara Loew, Miss Dorothy Willard, Misses Mary and Frances Jones*

© Harris and Ewing

© Harris and Ewing

Miss Sara Price Collier, the daughter of Mrs. Price Collier of New York and Tuxedo, and Lieutenant Charles Fellowes Gordon, R. N., were married in Washington at St. Thomas' Church before a large assembly of diplomats and representatives of official and resident society. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. George Baker St. George, and four bridesmaids, Miss Louise Delano, Mrs. Lanier Winslow, and the Misses Frances and Louisa Hoar

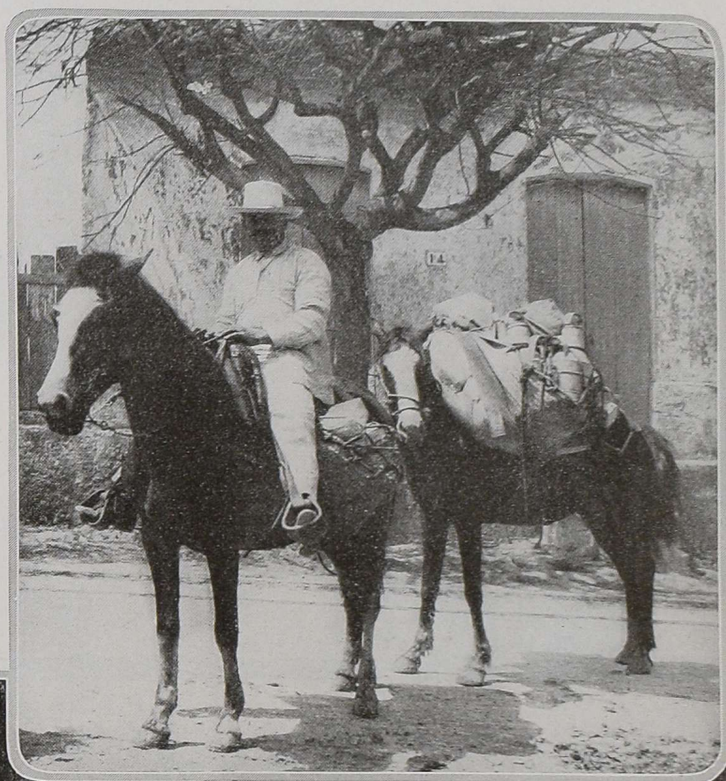
ONE AMERICAN AND TWO ANGLO-AMERICAN WEDDINGS WITH THE GROOM, OF COURSE, IN UNIFORM

© Ira Hill

SHOPS THAT COME TO YOUR WINDOW

ONE must not think of Cuba merely in terms of tropical colouring and golden languor. To many the name conjures a blowing green lace of palms against blue skies, with here and there picturesque villages and sleeping white roads. But, as a matter of fact, such a city as Havana is entirely modern in its general aspect, possessing solid businesslike buildings in its commercial section, a fashionable plaza where society strolls after the afternoon siesta, and mansions as fine as any in New York; indeed, it is a city thoroughly progressive and American. Havana is of the twentieth century. No one will dispute that. And yet there still remain unexpected corners and fanciful byways with picture-book figures moving leisurely through the drowsy noon heat,—shifting, brightly-hued scenes in an island fairyland unlike any other in the world.

(Below) The "birdman" is welcome everywhere in Cuba, for his cages hold throats feathered gold and brown, trilling airy songs



One of the delights of Cuba for the traveler is the variety, colour, the speech and the wares of the peddlers—their street songs and their gaiety. The visitor does not travel all the way to Cuba to see its modern office buildings, its busy citizens looking exactly like the men and women of affairs he has left at home. He travels in the hope of coming upon something different—something touched with romance. And Cuba will not disappoint him. From morning until night through its sunny streets moves a procession of soft-voiced peddlers. *Pst!* the señora at the window desires to make a purchase. In a moment the vendor is there with his basket of herbs, medicinal and seasoning. Your good West Indian loves to bargain, and many minutes may slip by before the sale is made, minutes in which the salesman mixes a bit of news with emphatic statements

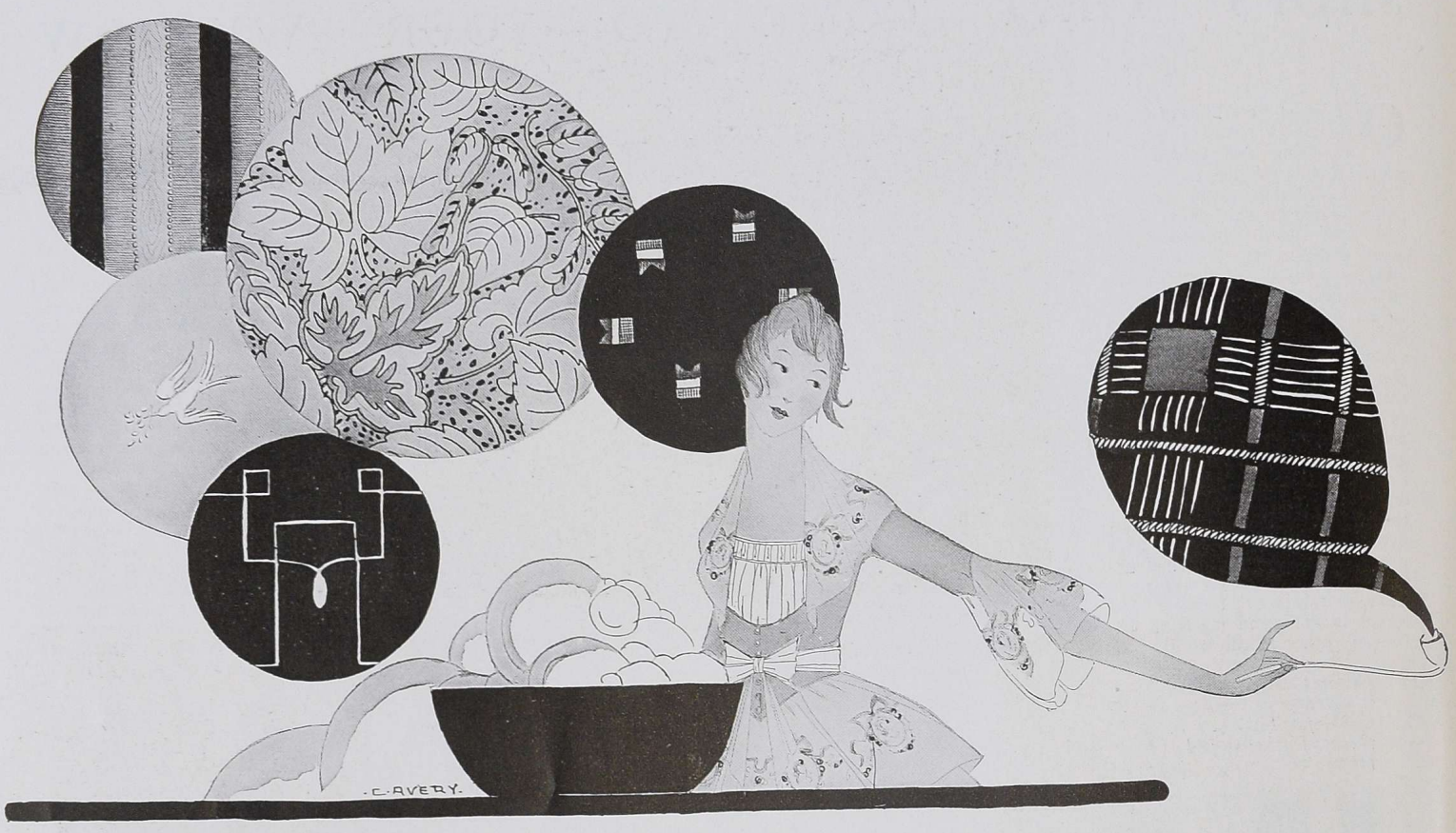
(*Continued on page 94*)

(Below) Into the patio glides the Chinese vendor with his baskets filled with fresh heads of lettuce and bits of fish on ice

One knows him from a long way off by the jangling of his bottles—booted and spurred, astride his fiery steed, and wearing with nonchalant grace a Panama hat worth fifty dollars more or less—that is your milkman of Vedado

(Below) Over the coral roads from Oriente, the garden province of Cuba, farmers bring their produce on pack-horses to the early morning markets

Photographs by Edith S. Watson



Bianchini has turned his genius into these soft silks of vivid colours and quaint designs, and now the designers are turning them into the newest of new spring frocks

FRENCH FABRICS FOR AMERICAN FROCKS

The New Materials from Overseas Are As Gay with Colour and as Original In Design as though the War Had Never Been

THIS season, Paris is sponsoring materials as brilliant and full of colour as the times. It is the rich colour of the new textures which first impresses one, a richness which would amount to garishness were it not for the consummate skill with which the tones are mingled. Brocades and prints in which vivid blues and greens and oranges are combined have come from almost all of the best-known looms. These will, of course, be used discreetly for linings or waistcoats or sashes, but, because of their very striking character, these are the fabrics which one first observes in a survey of the new textures. Many of the new brocades and prints are exceedingly quaint and fantastic, and, occasionally, over their surfaces symbolic animals disport themselves in odd fashion and curious mediæval figures go about their business with all the nonchalance in the world. It is an interesting fact that many of the new materials designed for dress purposes seem eminently adapted for interior decoration, and it is quite within the range of possibility that a woman wearing a waistcoat of one of these curious new stuffs might, upon calling to take tea with a friend, discover that that enterprising lady had adopted the material of her waistcoat for drawing-room curtains.

While these fantastic stuffs are the first to meet the eye, they are not, of course, the backbone of the collections of new materials. More staple stuffs which, frequently, are also very beautiful and interesting in quality, have been produced in surprising quantities, considering the difficulties under which France is labouring.

THE BRILLIANT DISPLAY AT BIANCHINI'S

Bianchini's foulards are certain to be the success of the season, for the placing of the designs is very original and the colourings are unexpected. In some instances the finish is dull and in other cases it is satiny. These fabrics will make the traditional foulard frock an entirely new thing, quite different from the familiar black and white or blue and white dotted material we have known so long. The new designs are even a long stride in advance of some of the really lovely foulards shown last season.

A material which is particularly delightful is surah, that charming supple silk which has been ignored for so long and which is found again at Bianchini's this season. This time it is checked and will be used in the spring for simple afternoon frocks especially suitable for the dancing hour. It is possible that, with the revival of surah, we shall see again the old-fashioned charming mode of wearing collars of Venetian point or of needle-point lace.

Rivalling the light-weight foulard, is satin striped in black and white, the white stripe suggesting *armure*. In addition to this, there is a bewildering fairyland of metal cloth at Bianchini's, one of which looks so phosphorescent that it has been called "*Algues Marines*," or seaweeds. It is hard to describe the admiration that one feels for these wonderful *lamés* and *brochés*. The fantasy of the design and the rarity of the colouring make them comparable to Cordovan leathers or to the richest stuffs of Persia. The *lamés*, which are like gold gauze on a background of colour, suggest liquid metal, and a drapery of this shimmering fabric would give an almost magic charm to the woman who wore it. The gold gauzes with small checks combine effectively with plain satin. As for linings, Bianchini continues his series of unexpected designs and gorgeous colours. Dressed in a black gown and a black cloak lined with one of these silks, a woman may obtain an unusually striking effect and a very charming one.

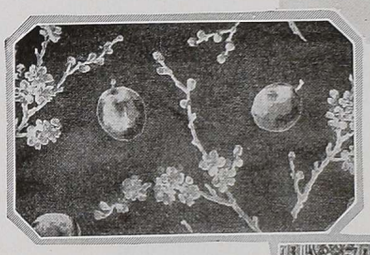
The sketch at the top of this page shows a number of new materials from this house. In the circle at the upper left is a very beautiful faille with satin and moire stripes running through it. This fabric is very smart in tête de négre with a self-toned satin stripe and a moire stripe in a soft warm tan shade. For hats and bags this would be exceedingly chic. Just below this material is pictured the palest of pale pink taffetas embroidered with little doves of peace carrying the proverbial olive branch. At the bottom is one of the new very soft foulards in dark blue with an unusual design in white. The large circle above shows a new and very vivid foulard with a pattern worked out in strong greens, blues, and oranges. Little French flags have been scattered over the new black twill foulard against which the head of the lady in the drawing is silhouetted, and the lady herself is wearing a very interesting Nattier blue chiffon with a design in old-blue and rose printed bayadere fashion across it. Unlike the other foulards shown in this sketch, that at the extreme right is dull and has a very fine diagonal twill. The design is printed in white, red, and blue, and it suggests a chic warm weather street frock.

COUDURIER'S NEW FABRICS

Coudurier offers a foulard in a new guise. He is counting on a success, not only because of his very modern designs, but also because of his departure from the traditional colourings. A dark blue foulard with lozenges of green is very original in its mixture of big and little spots. Equally new is a printed foulard which recalls *point de Hongrie* in the novel manner of its striping. Some old-world colourings with little designs like those on country cretonnes are also very pleasing. The shantung called "Marocaine" is a happy effect; it consists of large and small stripes in red and blue on a white or écru ground and suggests the cotton skirts in which tradition dresses the shepherdess. It will be a good material for sim-

(*Below*) *Little green sprays and big blue and purple plums grow artistically on this navy blue chiffon*

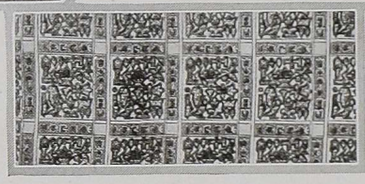
(*Below*) *Quaintly mediæval and curiously coloured is "Bridge," a fabric resembling satin-faced silk faille*



Baron de Meyer

Gold and white and wonderfully supple is the soft brocade at the left, while the gay material in the middle with its fine threads the colour of soft blue moonlight, is as sheer as a dragonfly's wing. A waving stripe of embroidered forget-me-nots makes the taffeta at the right a charming fabric for a young girl's frock; materials from Bianchini

(*Right*) *Soft blues, reds, and yellows almost conceal the white background of this crêpe de Chine; this and fabric above from Altman*



(*Left*) *Knights and pages and tall castles make the odd pattern of this printed chiffon; this and fabric above from Coudurier*

ple frocks with skirts of the stripes and vests of plain coloured stuff repeating one of the shades.

Coudurier shows excellent taste in his lining silks. Some of them are satin with heraldic figures in very brilliant colours or with figures taken from playing cards. An attractive example of the latter type is called "Bridge". There is an infinite variety of metal brocades for evening dresses, and many of them have Chinese figures and give a literal impression of lacquer. Mixtures of metal and coloured silk threads are more worn than ever, and gowns made of them are trimmed only with very fine embroidery. Frequently the gown will be simply draped without any trimming at all. The nebulous *lamé* which looks like fish in water or like chain armour, the most beautiful of all, might have been worn by Lohengrin and could not be improved by any trimming. When one remembers that it was in the middle of the bombardment of Paris last May that all these designs were invented, chosen, and executed, one can not but be touched by the example of so much unheralded bravery.

Among the plain stuffs in one colour, Coudurier offers a "twill", a plain foulard in all colours, and "*Mousse de soie*", a material as supple as silk jersey, also in all shades. There are many crêpe satins, and a fabric called "Ballerine", a plain *lamé* which is used in combination with serge. For tailleurs, the double serge with very narrow satiny stripes is a particularly interesting novelty.

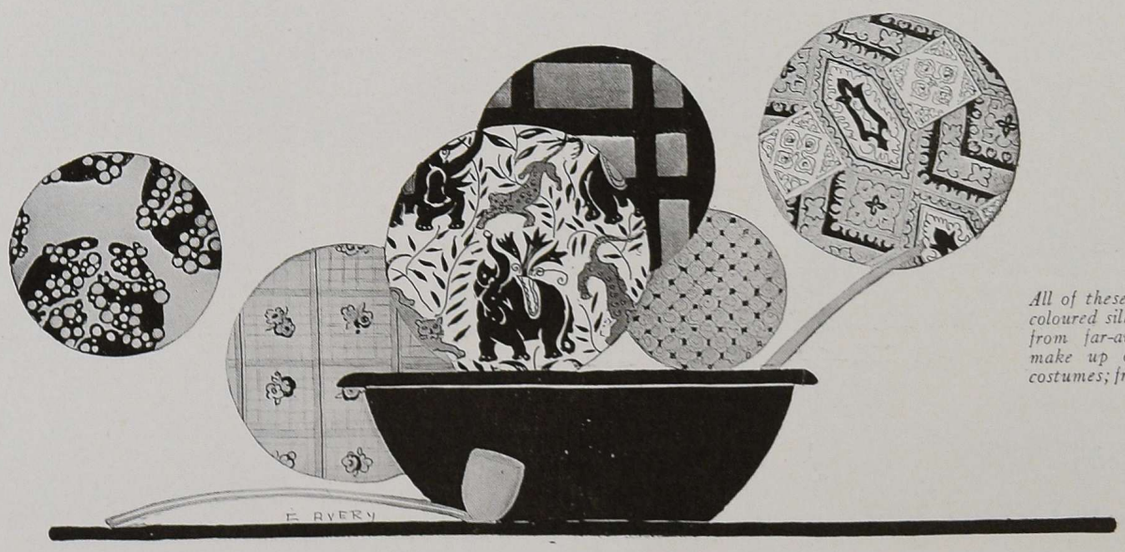
Coudurier also shows a series of ribbons, either *lamé* or printed, of great richness. One of these used as a belt on a dark costume gives the effect of an elaborate toilette.

Among all these novelties it is amusing to see our old friend "pekin", a satin fabric in which the stripes run with the warp, of which we were tired many years ago. We once used it on our walls, transformed into wall-paper, but at present we are using it for gowns, just as we did thirty years ago.

The photograph at the extreme right on this page and the one just below it illustrate two new mediæval materials from this house. The first is on the order of a satin-faced faille, and the design, which is worked out in several colours shows the design with pictures taken from playing cards, which has already been referred to. Indicative of the same tendency is the printed chiffon shown below it, with its design of knights and pages and mediæval castles.

The New York shops have imported interesting selections of these new French stuffs and several of the same tendency is the printed chiffon shown in the sketch at the bottom of this page. At the

(*Continued on page 88*)



All of these charming gaily coloured silks have traveled from far-away France to make up our new spring costumes; from Wanamaker

Helen Hayes

Who Has Made One of the Most Notable Successes of the Season as "Margaret" in "Dear Brutus"

SEEN *on the* STAGE

Two Revivals Are Prominent Among The Newest Theatrical Productions

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THROUGHOUT the last three decades, Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, has been recognized as one of the foremost representatives of contemporary French dramatic authorship; and, though his work is intimately national, he has enjoyed a quite unusual success in the commercial theatre of this country. The first of his plays to be presented in America was "Catherine," which was produced by Annie Russell in 1898. Otis Skinner produced "The Duel" in 1906, and "Sire" in 1911. In 1918, Mrs. Fiske presented "Service"; and the latest item on the list, "The Marquis de Priola," has recently been added by Leo Ditrichstein. Of these five plays, three have run for not less than an entire season in this country, and the others have been played for many weeks. What is the reason for this remarkable success of M. Lavedan with a theatre-going public that rejects so many European dramatists of even larger reputation on the ground that they are "foreign," and therefore not immediately comprehensible?

THE ABILITY OF HENRI LAVEDAN

The reason is that Henri Lavedan is to be admired mainly as a painter of portraits. His greatest gift is his ability to delineate a character that is original in concept and vividly alive in execution. This is the sort of character that every actor likes to play; and the significant fact should be remarked that each American production of a piece by M. Lavedan has been brought about by the personal desire of some prominent performer to depict the leading part. A playwright who can devise attractive acting parts,—like The Lady of the Camellias, for example,—stands a better chance of extensive success upon the boards than a more momentous dramatist who creates important characters that are true enough to life but not alluring to succeeding generations of actresses and actors. The *dramatis personæ* of M Lavedan are notable in equal measure as portraits and as parts, as characters and also as characterizations. They are sufficiently true to life to be admired by those commentative men of letters who, when they attack the theatre, may be described as "undramatic" critics; and, at the same time, they are sufficiently theatrical to inspire many actors with a keen desire to portray them.

Among his *confrères* of the French Academy, Henri Lavedan is recognized not only for his prime ability as a portrait-painter, but also for the literary ease and brilliance of his dialogue, and furthermore for his sincerity and earnestness as an almost homiletic moralist. His writing is particularly rich in that quality of sprightliness which the French call "*esprit*"; and, indeed, he first attracted attention, in the years of his apprenticeship, by publishing, in various journals and reviews, a series of little dialogues of which the most obvious merit was their literary liveliness. But, of course, this special quality is necessarily diluted by the process of translation; and whatever residue may still remain is more than likely to fall upon deaf ears in a Broadway auditorium.

On the other hand, the American public is, no doubt, unconsciously attracted by the fact that M. Lavedan is more sincerely and emphatically "moral" in his work than any other of his French contemporaries, with the single exception of Eugène Brieux. The moral conscience of M. Brieux is social; he puts society, so to speak, on trial, and reads it a reverberating sentence from the judge's bench; but the moral conscience of M. Lavedan is individual; he creates a living villain, and then condemns him to his just deserts by fighting against him fairly and disarming him. In this respect, his method is similar to that of one of the most honourable authors of our recent English drama; and it would not be at all beside the mark to describe M. Lavedan as the French equivalent of Henry Arthur Jones. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who—like Lavedan and Jones—was both a playwright and a moralist, once said that a drama should set forth "a painting, an ideal, a judgment." Henri Lavedan fulfills this formula with ease. He is, first and foremost, a great painter; he never loses sight of the ideal, even though his primary employment at the moment may be directed toward depicting its reverse; and he is

(*Continued on page 90*)

Mary Dale Clarke

Margaret Mower appeared in two of the plays which opened Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre. The photograph shows her as Laura in "A Night in Avignon"

Ira Hill

(Left) Hazel Dawn has returned to the stage in "Up in Mabel's Room," an amusing farce in which the right people show an embarrassing facility for meeting in the wrong places

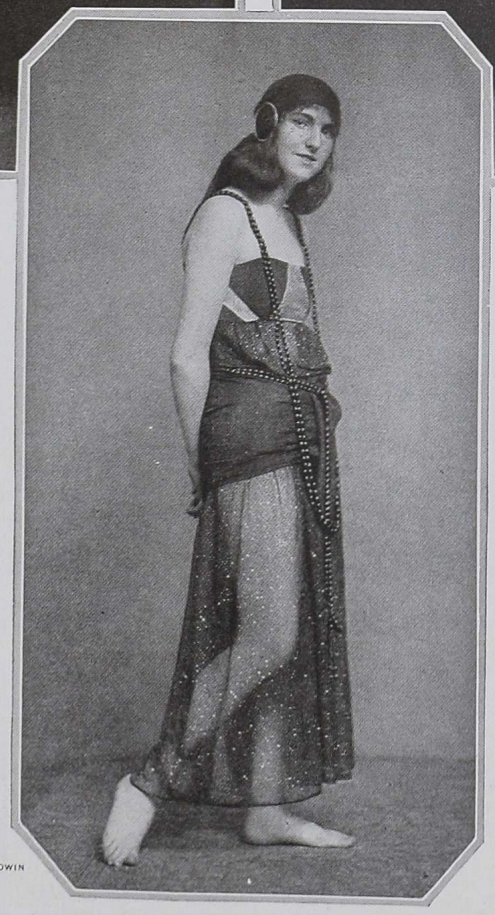
Campbell Studios

(Right) In "Listen, Lester," another of those popular musical entertainments, Gertrude Vanderbilt charms the public with merry glances, light feet, and frivolous melodies

Yvonne Daunt has the distinction of being the first English dancer to appear with the Opera Ballet, in Paris, where she has achieved a notable success as a prémière danseuse, in spite of her youth

WILDING

Serafina Astafieva was largely responsible for the production in London of "Le Coq d'Or," which was a great success. She is now the head of her own institution of classic dancing in London



GOODWIN

Gabo Falk is the most noted pupil of the Anna Behles school, the famous Swedish school of dancing. She is planning to make her American début in the very near future

In European Ballets

Dancers Who Are Appearing in London, Paris and Stockholm

Art in the Unchanging East

HERE is an example of the ultimate word in modern Japanese art! This painting by Kaburagi, the noted Japanese artist, recently won the highest award at the twelfth annual art exhibition under the auspices of the Japanese government bureau of education, in Tokyo. These annual exhibitions are the most notable events in the Japanese world of art. They are held in a gallery in Uyeno Park, Tokyo, and last for about a month, after which the paintings are removed to another gallery and exhibited for a longer time, so that more people may have the opportunity to see them.

Sculpture, too, may be submitted to the committee of judges and shown at these annual art exhibits, but the interest seems to center in the paintings, and many more artists than sculptors are represented.

It is considered a great honor for an artist to receive even so much as a favorable mention by the art critics, in their reviews of the exhibition. A kind word from the critics at these annual government exhibits means more to a painter than the highest award of any less important show, for only the best of the contemporary artists of Japan may compete in the government exhibitions.

THE work of judging is a most serious affair—in fact, it is of almost national importance. The committee of judges is selected by the Japanese government, five of the most prominent artists in the country being chosen. This committee passes on the paintings submitted—usually more than a thousand pictures are sent, and of the thousand only about one hundred and fifty are selected and hung.

Kaburagi's painting, to which the Japanese government awarded the highest prize in this year's art exhibition

Kaburagi, winner of this year's award, is one of the best known artists in his native country. He is of the older order of painters, and is violently reactionary in type. He stands for ancient Japanese customs, bitterly opposing modern innovations—he is particularly prejudiced against trains and street cars! This year's gold medal is another to add to his already large collection, for he has received the highest award of the government art exhibits several times before. The artist to whom the highest prize is given automatically becomes a member of the committee which judges the paintings of the next year's show.

THE subject of Kaburagi's prize-winning picture is "The Day of Examination." Kaburagi has gone back to one of the strangest of Japanese customs, for his inspiration. Two or three hundred years ago, war raged between the Buddhists and the Christians in Japan. The government forbade any Japanese subject to embrace Christianity, and, at stated periods, conducted examinations of the spiritual state of mind of the people. Their loyalty to the Buddhist faith was determined by a quaint test—each one was made to cross a wooden floor, on one block of which, in bas-relief, was carved the face of Christ. If the subject were a Christian, he would hesitate to step upon the face on the carved block; if he were a faithful Buddhist, on the contrary, he would have no qualms about stepping on it.

The woman in Kaburagi's painting is shown at the crucial moment of the test—she hesitates to place her foot on the carved block.

The Fantasy of the Ballet

As Interpreted by the Art of Dégas

By ARTHUR SYMONS

THE English theatre with its unreal realism and its unimaginative pretences towards poetry left me untouched and unconvinced. I found the beauty, the poetry, that I wanted only in two theatres, the Alhambra and the Empire. The ballet seemed to me the subtlest of the visible arts, and dancing a more significant speech than words. I could have said, as Verlaine said to me, in jest, coming away from the Alhambra: *"J'aime Shakespeare, mais—j'aime mieux le ballet"!*

A ballet is simply a picture in movement. It is a picture where the imitation of nature is given by nature itself; where the figures of the composition are real, and yet, by a very paradox of travesty, have a delightful, deliberate air of unreality. It is a picture where the colors change, re-combine, before one's eyes; where the outlines melt into one another, emerge, and are again lost in the mazes of the dancing.

The most magical glimpse I ever caught of a ballet was from the road in front, from the other side of the road, one night when two doors were suddenly thrown open as I was passing. In the moment's interval before the doors closed again, I saw, in that odd, unexpected way, over the heads of the audience, far off in a sort of blue mist, the whole stage, its brilliant crowd drawn up in the last pose, just as the curtain was beginning to go down.

I like to see a ballet from the wings, a spectator, but in the midst of the magic. To see a ballet from the wings is to lose all sense of proportion, all knowledge of the piece as a whole, but, in return, it is fruitful in happy accidents, in momentary points of view, in chance felicities of light and movement and shade. It is almost to be in the performance oneself, and yet passive, with the leisure to look about one.

THE front row of the stalls, on a first night, has a character of its own. It is entirely filled by men, and the men who fill it have not come simply from an abstract aesthetic interest in the ballet. They have friends on the other side of the footlights, and their friends on the other side of the footlights will look down, the moment they come on, to see who are in the front row, and who are standing by the bar on either side. The standing room by the bar is the resource of the first-nighters with friends who could not get a seat in the front row.

On such a night the air is electrical. A running fire of glances crosses and re-crosses, above the indifferent, accustomed heads of the gentlemen in the orchestra; whom it amuses, none the less, to intercept an occasional smile, and trace it home. On the faces of the men in the front row, what difference in expression! Here is the eager, undisguised enthusiasm of the novice, all eyes on one; here is the wary, practised attention of the man who has seen many first nights, and whose scarcely perceptible smile reveals nothing, compromises nobody, rests on all.

And there is a charm, not wholly imaginary, in that form of illusion known as make-up. To a face really charming, it gives a new kind of exciting savor; and it has, to the remnant of Puritan conscience that is in the heritage of us all, a certain sense of dangerous wickedness, the delight of forbidden fruit. The very phrase, painted women, has come to have an association of sin, and to have put paint on her cheeks, though for the innocent necessities of her profession, gives to a woman a kind of symbolic corruption. At once she seems to typify the sorceries, and entanglements of what is most deliberately enticing in her sex, with all that is most subtle, least like nature, in her power to charm. (*Continued on page 86*)

May Allison is the heroine of a new movie which rejoices in the heroic title of "Peggy Does Her Darnedest." Before she became a star of the screen, Miss Allison was on the stage, appearing in "Everywoman." She appropriately played the rôle of Beauty

WITZEL

PARAMOUNT

Dorothy Gish is soon to appear in the rôle of a slavey in a film called "Boots," by Martha Pittman, in which she is supported by Richard Barthelmess and George Fawcett. Her last picture was "The Hope Chest"

PARAMOUNT

Enid Bennett is at present in darkest California, posing for her new picture "Nemesis," which is under the experienced direction of her husband, Fred Niblo. She recently starred in a film called "Partners Three"

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Dorothy Phillips was the heroine of "The Heart of Humanity," one of the most successful of the vast horde of war pictures which not even the armistice could stop. Miss Phillips has gone to California, to begin work on a new moving picture

Studies in Black and White

Displayed on the Background of the Moving Picture Screen

The Open Season for Banquets

With a Few Hints on Their Dangers

By SCHUYLER LENOX

THERE! I knew something would happen! Look at them, Reader, look at them. Gaze at yon pile of débris, broken crockery and fletcherized furniture. Do you recognize them? Those, good Sir or kind Lady, are my beautiful brand-new, 1919 model New Year's resolutions, conceived in sorrow, born in hope, and died at a banquet. Yes, Reader, those dear, bright-faced resolutions of mine stood right up at the end of the table, like Mansfield in "The Parisian Romance," and fell flat among the Pol Roger.

Isn't it shocking? I feel very badly about it. My whole family feels badly about it. The red ball is up and there has been skating in the park, at the old Manse, ever since that fatal night, when I sallied forth to attend the Annual Banquet of the Royal Bengal Braves.

SURELY you have noticed how the Banquet, as an institution, has sprung into renewed life since the armistice was signed. The zealous committees of a thousand and one organizations apparently all woke up at once to the fact that between January 1st and the month of July of this year was all that was left of the real open season for banquets. For after that the proposed Federal Amendment is supposed to operate, and life beyond becomes a bird's-eye view of Sahara without an oasis in sight. Consequently, the aforesaid committees got simultaneously busy.

Not a mail comes in without two or three urgent appeals to nourish one's self in honor of Professor Isaac Rissotto, the inventor of the collapsible bath-tub, or to join in a spontaneous three-dollar demonstration for the very latest thing in young English poets. One and all I had put them sternly by, but never without a sense of inner warmth, a tickling of the ego, which told me that I was of the elect, that somewhere, somehow, in some exclusive list like the Hardware Advertisers' Supplement, the astute committee had found my name and had at once cried, "Oh, yes! there's Schuyler. We must have Schuyler!"

I believe it was this subtle form of flattery which accompanies a banquet invitation, which finally encompassed my ruin. I had refused so many similar behests that I had begun to think myself immune, like a man who is getting over the flu, and that, you know, is the most dangerous time.

ABBE

FAY BAINTER

In "East Is West," the comedy by Samuel Shipman and John Hymer, Miss Bainter is making a marked success of her rôle of a Chinese girl—who eventually turns out to be an American girl, kidnapped in infancy, all the time

THE Royal Bengal Braves represent the inner-circle of a political party whose tenets have ever been held up to my youthful mind as all that there is of the most dark and devious, yet when I opened their gorgeously emblazoned card-board I fell for it with a resounding crash. I felt honored. Yes! I would go. It would be interesting, now that I had established a pure standard of domestic virtue and lofty conduct, to attend one of these famous gatherings, to observe for myself, coolly and collectively, how the political beast behaved at meal-time. Thus did I fill myself with sophistry, little realizing that the urge which prompted me to sign along the dotted line was really the great ancient buried love of communal feeding, which proves man akin to the cow and the herring. Back of my calm sociological interest, how my New Year's resolutions must have chuckled as they began to pack their bags and say to each other, "Well, boys, we've had a comfortable home for nearly a month, but I guess it's about moving time."

There is one thing to be said for these political potentates. They never do anything or anybody by halves. As I say, the invitation itself was a perfect screamer. If you were not sufficiently impressed by the red-and-gold seal of the city, transfixed by a tomahawk, you were sure to be bowled over by the list of prominent judges and paving-contractors whose names appeared below in engraving that stood out like the hives. And the invitation set the keynote for the whole affair. It was the *nth* power of magnificence.

Unconsciously the chaste virtue, which had guided my steps through the languorous-scented corridor leading to the lift, slipped from my shoulders in the crowded cloak-room. Freed of my outer habiliments, I elbowed my way resolutely into the throng. I had firmly resolved to watch my step very carefully but really there were so many people in the room, I could not even see my feet. Besides, who was afraid? Though a guest, was I not for the time being, a brave among braves? On, therefore, like a man.

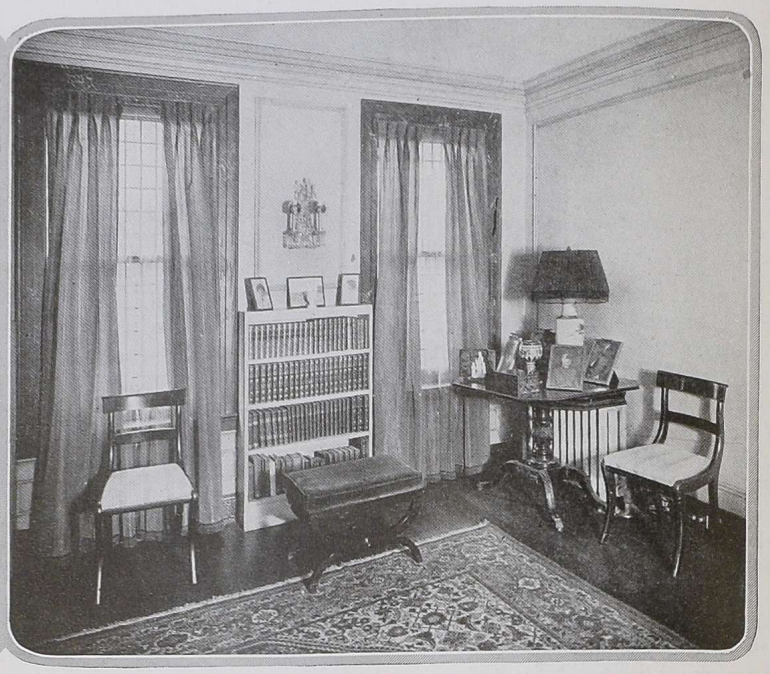
About me seethed an atmosphere of welcome and good-fellowship which was certainly exhilarating. Back-slapping, hand-clasps and other forms of friendly massage were intermingled with whoops of greeting in the tribal tongue which, to the uninitiated, seemed to be composed chiefly of anathema and epithet. The curse of welcome having been administered, the ritual consisted in hauling the newcomer toward a maelstrom which boiled about divers carafes and small glasses. In vain might the victim protest, crying "No, no! leggo. I just had three down-stairs with Mike." His plaints were unheeded. Once inoculated with the Yellow Peril, he seemed to lose all fight and joined the inquisitors with full rights and privileges over all late-entrants.

My host, Mr. Peter McCabe, of the District Attorney's office, was no exception to the rule. Peter struck the middle of my spine with the force of a falling archangel and in a trice I was nose to nose with the Nemesis of the Carafe. I fancy that it was at that time that the last of my good resolutions slid to the floor and beat it for the open country. I had felt a curious prickly sensation for some moments, as if something were oozing out of me, leaving me strong, valiant, more manly and filled with a reckless bravery . . . but let that pass.

WE had not had time for more than two, when a gentleman with a scarlet badge and face to match bawled us vociferously toward the banquet-hall. "Jim McGooey, 'Ssistant C'misshner," hissed Peter in my ear as the hush of larger spaces and the hunt for tables laid a temporary calm on the company. In the interim before the first covey of waiters fluttered among us, I began briskly to apply my calm and collected sociological survey to my surroundings.

How typical it all was; but how much more splendid than anything I had ever seen before. The lights were brighter, the band was louder, the room bigger, the spirit heartier. I found myself clutching Peter's elbow and listening rapturously to the cataloging of the guests of honor who, to the crashing strains of an ancient Indian war-song, were piloting their immense bulks to the places assigned to them on the dais. There were Governors and Judges and Mayors and Prelates and Senators and Generals and Sheriffs and Commissioners. Not a man it seemed was without a title, and it was with a distinct thrill of delight that I saw the prefix "Honorable" inscribed on my own dinner-card—a distinction which Peter had conferred upon me in recognition of my once having been Chief of the Volunteer Fire Department of my suburban bailiwick. At our immediate table, there were three other Honorables, a Colonel (National Guard), a Captain (Police), and two other assorted titles whose exact definition became lost in the flurry attendant upon the arrival of the oysters. Immedi- (*Continued on page 92*)

To add to the comfort of the damask-covered davenport in the living-room are cushions to match it in mulberry colour and a small table with a shaded lamp. The curiously shaped walnut commode is an old one, as are the walnut and gilt mirrors



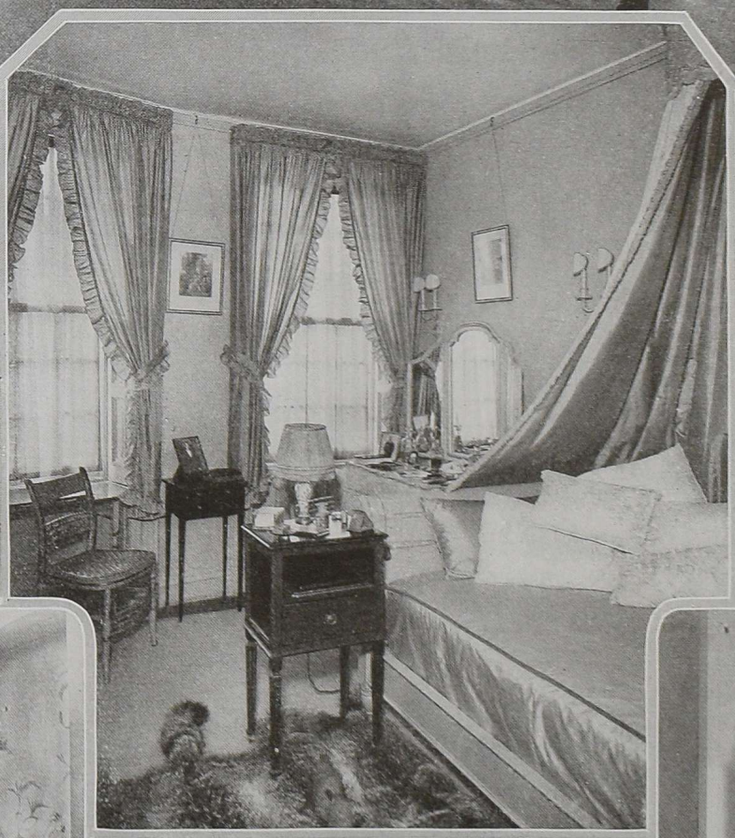
A piquant accent is furnished by the marbleized black window trims and baseboards. The mulberry taffeta curtains hang within the trims, and a touch of the mulberry is reflected charmingly in the painted shades of the side-lights

GLIMPSES THAT SUGGEST THE CHARM OF MRS. OLIVER PERIN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Comfortable as well as beautiful is the living-room with its simply panelled wall of pale elusive green, its figured screen of mulberry, green, and black silk, and its deep-seated chairs covered with mulberry taffeta. The settee is covered in putty coloured silk with mulberry stripes. Delightful bits of jade and alabaster give notes of grey and green to the mantel and small tables

(*Above*) *A gay little dining-room with walls of robin's egg blue and vivid orange curtains at the casement windows, was meant to be flooded with sunshine—and it is. Right in the sunniest place of all is a bowl of orange goldfish, flanked on either side by ivy growing in pots. More ivy climbs a trellis between the black marble-topped console tables. The furniture is of dull mahogany. Orange and mauve and blue make gay the painted candle-shades*



(*Left*) *The bedroom shows a clever arrangement and a charming colour scheme for a rather small room. Salmon taffeta curtains drape the windows and the oyster taffeta bed drapery is lined with the same shade. The dressing-table is frivolous in cream net over white and edges of blue. The furniture is painted oyster white with a blue line, except for two small tables of walnut, and there is a grey carpet. Directly in front of the bed is a luxurious grey fur rug*

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

DECORATED BY MRS. EMOTT BUEL

(*Left*) *Though it's only a small hallway from one lovely room to another, it has chosen to be as interesting as its pale green walls, fantastically streaked with birds and flowers of delicate blue, can make it*

(*Right*) *The very climax of luxury is added to the bedroom by a painted glass cabinet, in which, on padded rosesilk shelves with perky lace frilled edges, lie piles of lovely lingerie and rows of dainty slippers*

Campbell

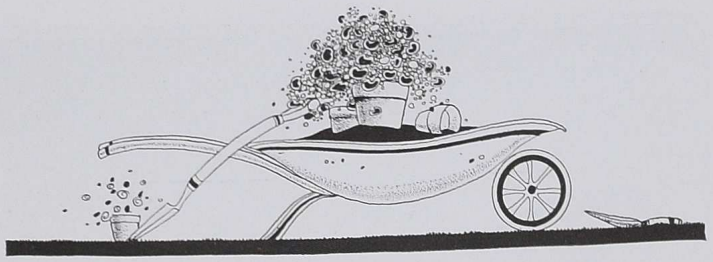
A PATIO GARDEN *in* BOSTON

Somehow, you don't expect a tropical patio garden in Boston. It comes as a pleasant surprise. The pink brick walls and red flooring, the cement stairs leading to the gallery, the little fountain set low in the floor, the great wrought iron lantern swung from the ceiling, the trailing vines and young palm groves, the Far East rattan furniture—all combine to make a room of rare beauty. It is in the home of Edward H. Noyes, Esq. The architect of the work was Harry B. Russell

There is intriguing architectural detail on this side of the patio. The stairs climb up past great steps that spill their trailing vines. The little casement window and the angel suggest an Arabian Nights' romance. And the doorway and balcony are exquisite

Along the opposite side runs a gallery with its vine-swept rim. Here too a little angel floats complacently against the white wall. From this view one can appreciate the unusual beauty of the wrought iron lantern. The color of the cement is rose gray

An iron grill gate closes the entrance to the upper floor, its silhouette standing out against the rose gray cement stairs and pink walls. High up in a cage hang a pair of love birds—a quaint little touch in a romantic garden



ON LOOKING UP FROM A GARDEN

A Discourse That Attempts to Show That Gardens Are Even More Than Brown Earth and Blossoms

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

EVERY year just about this time some poet or essayist or other writer-person delivers himself of an ecstasy on Spring—Spring as a sort of glorified fairy in diaphanous wraps who comes tip-toeing down the land to touch the flowers and trees and make them leap into blossom.

Very pretty picture!

But the gardener, who really knows and loves flowers and trees and all the green, growing things, has quite a different conception of spring. Nothing diaphanous, nothing fairy-like; in fact, to him spring isn't a person at all, it is a movement—a mighty urging upward. It isn't coaxed from above, but moved from below. The growing things break upward through the crust of chill earth the way a man gets out of bed on a cold morning—gradually, reluctantly, cover by cover, a toe at a time, not because someone has waked him, but because he has accumulated the necessary refreshment of sleep and is ready to go forth and do the day's work. Having stored energy through a winter's sleep, the growing things rise up to go about their work. And they urge upward and outward until that work is finished, when winter brings them rest again.

Until a man appreciates this upward urge he can never gather the full fruit of enjoyment that a garden yields. For a garden is not merely a place to look at; it is a place to look from. And the way to look from a garden is to look up. More—a garden is not alone a place to work in; it is a place to work from. And the way to work from a garden is to work up.

These are hard sayings, so we shall explain them.

THERE is magic about soil that is cleansing. The mere dust of loam on the hands, the very breathing of its aroma seems to clear away the false values of life we acquire in the everyday business of living. Perhaps this is because the earth is so much a part of us and we of it—we come from the earth and to the earth we eventually return. Touching it is like going back to the little old home where life is simple and kindly. It cleanses us of our popin-jay egotism, rids us of futile materialism, acts as a sort of spiritual cathartic.

It is ludicrous to be cynical in the presence of a lusty oak breaking into leaf. It is futile to be decadent with loam on your hands. And imagine pretending to be fashionable or elegant or superbly intellectual or absurdly radical as you guide a plow! These things simply won't work. They don't belong. The realm of Nature is a different world, where such affairs are of no consequence. Therefore, if you would understand Nature, you must learn her tongue, and before you learn it you must clear away your false notions, forget the jargon of cities and books and ballrooms.

It is a commonplace that men who live daily with Nature—farmers and sailors and such—have a quaint way of speaking. They use fantastically simple images and are gifted with a native brand of poetry that sounds like some passages of the Bible read. There is a rhythm to their tongue that other men simply can't acquire.

Nature has a rhythm all her own, a rhythm so entirely different from the concatenation of cities that a man has to be purged of his pride before he can understand it. He has to acknowledge that there is another world besides the little circle in which he moves and has his being. Once he acknowledges this he is given a glimpse of that world and hears the echo of its songs. It is this echo that makes the speech of farmers so strange.

In the eternal dominion of Nature there is a great movement constantly circling upward, as the lark circles upward, and those who come close to her are swept along with it. A man soon learns this when he starts working in a garden. He can't resist its cleansing. He can't resist the tug of its other-worldly urging and the up-rushing of its hidden energy from the deep silences of the earth. Consequently, the longer he works in that garden, the more is he compelled to work the way Nature works—upward.

NOW there are many fair things to look upon in this old world—the smile that greets your home-coming of nights, the mist wraiths about tall buildings in the dusk, the pure colors of a medieval lacquer—and of these one very fair is a garden. In the springtime there is the strangely fragile lush grass and the golden loveliness of mornings that make you feel as though you are in at the beginning of a new world. In summer come the siesta hours when heat vapors float over the earth like levitation, and the poppy bows her head in the

garden close until the cool rains of evening raise it again. Then in autumn, the flame of tree and bush, and Nature is mightily consumed on her pyre, like some old Indian queen majestically sorrowful in her suttee. These things, I say, are fair to look upon, and a man is a better man for having seen them. But if he never raises his eyes, much there is he misses.

For a garden is more than stem and blossom and brown earth. It is infinitely greater than anything you can create with diligent labor. In the huge mosaic of the countryside it may be only a small piece, but it shares the glory and the wonder of everything about it. To see these is one of the compensations of gardening and, oddly enough, they mean more to the gardener than to anyone else because he understands them.

For moments now he has been busily engrossed with spade and hoe, the earth yielding readily to his skill as he shapes the tender seedlings into a seemly row against their day of growth. Then he straightens up to stretch his tired muscles—and a vision of great activity is vouchsafed him. Bird choirs sing in the clerestory of the trees. Toward the horizon the tawny checkerboard fields spill merrily over the hilltop. Far above, the streets of the sky are peopled with cloud denizens. For a moment he is bewildered by the gigantic puissance of it all; then, gradually, he realizes that in looking up he has beheld the face of a new world. And when he turns to the flowers at his feet, they are lovelier for the contrast: delphiniums are bluer for that sky, and phlox whiter for the clouds and the brown earth more golden for those tawny fields on the hilltop over there.

DURING the past three years great numbers of the American people have been obliged to garden. The stern necessity of war made it incumbent upon them to raise their own vegetables. This year that necessity is somewhat mitigated. And in removing the stern purpose from gardening there is opportunity for other objects to be attained. Is it conceivable that these three years of initiation shall not have made many a confirmed gardener out of an amateur? Is it not possible to hope that they will now garden because of the unalloyed joy it brings and the cleansing contact with another world? Can we not also trust that they will grow flowers with the same enthusiasm as they have grown vegetables?

Yes, it is a fairly safe wager that those who have learned to work in their gardens, who have been ennobled by looking at them, will now turn to them as a means whereby they can look up. For the great reward of gardening is that we are gathered along in Nature's upward swirl and carried above the ordinary things of everyday life.

The gardener should be able to take more from his plot than a crop of flowers and freckles, succulent vegetables and hard muscles. If that is all he expects, he will get even less than his expectation. Nature is a jealous goddess and she demands that appreciation go with culture. The heart must work with the hoe. Aspirations must exude with good, honest sweat. There must always be that vision of blue sky above and tawny fields on the hilltop.

These are things that set a man to dreaming, and he is big or small, vital or inconsequential, comprehending or dullard according to the measure of his dreams. He is also a successful gardener according to the measure of his dreams. Nature requires *sympathie*, an understanding of her ways.

NOT all gardeners understand Nature because not all permit themselves this sympathy. Their purpose in gardening is such that it limits their capacity for dreams, for hoeing with the heart.

Some people make a garden because it is the fashionable thing to do. And they have themselves photographed for the magazines and Sunday supplements, in their gardens, wearing jewels and the smartest garden clothes—whereupon all the little birds in the tree tops thereabout set up unconstrained laughter and the workman on the East Side vows to vote the Socialist ticket at the next election.

Other people take gardening as they would a narcotic—the way some men take work—to make themselves forget. Which is a futile attempt, because to maintain the stimulus for oblivion they must increase the dose, and they eventually reach a point where they are not capable of increasing it.

Still others make gardens because it is part of a full life. To live happily they must invest their hours and aspirations in the activities of another world. And they draw the interest of pleasure according to the measure of their investment. They are usually quaint folk, other-worldly in their manner, but capable of comprehending the idiosyncrasies of Nature as she displays them in tree and bush and fragrant blossom, across the skyline and in the infinite zenith. These are, moreover, the successful gardeners.

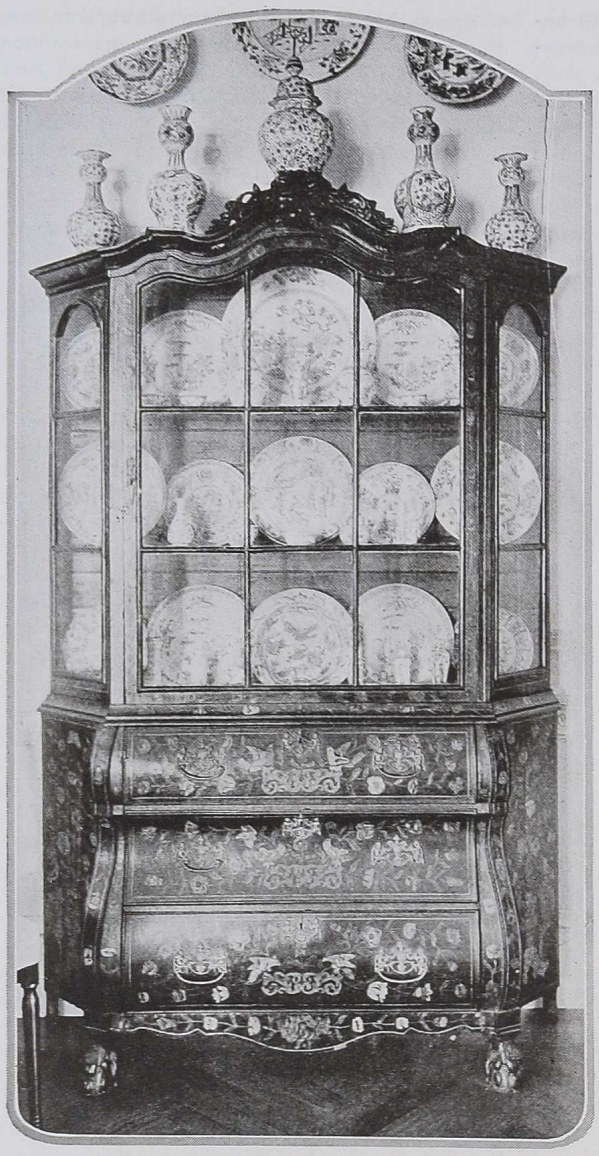
Let's look into this class of gardeners for a moment—and then quit.

SOME people are referred to as "born gardeners." They aren't necessarily scientific folk or intellectual—quite the opposite in most cases—but they seem to have a knack for making plants grow. Others may spend money freely for fine tools and chemicals and especially selected seeds, and have no luck at all, whereas, some poor little old woman in the back street, who cannot afford all these luxuries, puts their gardens to shame.

What's the answer?

The little old woman, like as not, raises her flowers the same way she raises her babies. She does it herself. It is part of the day's work. Upon her own energies depends the appearance of that front yard. She doesn't lay off because the sun is hot, and she hasn't any gardeners to hand the work over to when it grows irksome. She doesn't garden because it is the fashion, but because flowers are pretty things to have about the place, and because her man and her children enjoy fresh vegetables. They are a vital part of her everyday life.

But that is only one reason. The other you will discover when you get to know her well—which may not be so easy. True gardeners, like true fishermen, are a clannish lot; they stolidly refuse to tell their secrets. But say you do get to know her well and start her on the subject of flowers and vegetables, she will begin to talk about them in the most amazing fashion—familiarly, poetically, like the lover in the Song of Solomon, with quaint observations that open doors to worlds of deep understanding. And midway in her conversation—this happens invariably and to it is due much of her success—she will stop and look up lovingly at some fluffy little cloud drifting across the sky, or listen to the call of a bird, or let her eyes rest understandingly on the horizon where the tawny checkerboard fields spill over the hilltop.



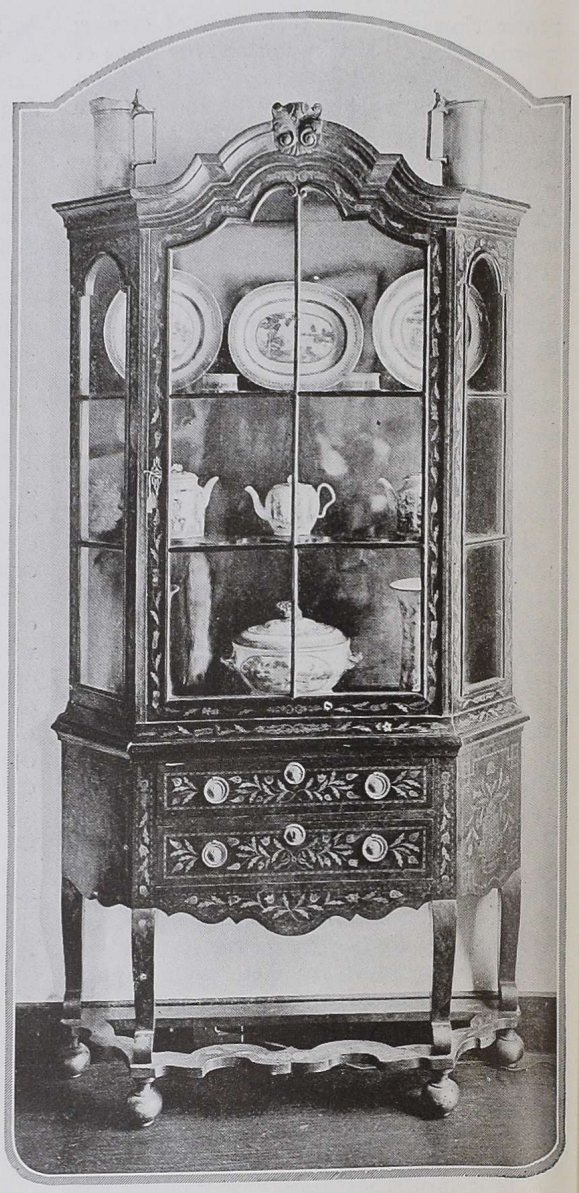
WHEN TO USE A CHINA CABINET

DURING the past few years the vogue in china cabinets dropped perceptibly. In fact, they went completely out and it is difficult to say when they will return to favor. But when can you use a china cabinet?

The answer is simple—when you have a cabinet of such beauty and of such historic lines as those shown here. Such pieces of furniture are always in good taste and can be used either in the dining room to hold the best china and glass ware or in the living room to house some precious collection. They justify display because of their intrinsic merit.

Three of them are of old Spanish design with characteristic shaped top and elaborately decorated with intarsia in flower designs; the fourth is William & Mary, a double-top cabinet with unusual wooden partitions for the panes.

A good antique—when it is antique enough—can defy any of the vagaries of passing custom.



A cabinet in the Chinese manner, inlaid with gold, is used here to hold ancestral china. From the collection of Mrs. Dudley L. Pickman at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts

Another example of 16th Century Spanish inlay is this cabinet with cupboard beneath. It holds a Chinese collection. From the residence of W. E. Atwood, Esq., of Boston

An example of 16th Century work is found in this Spanish cabinet—a rare piece of mahogany with inlaid boxwood. From the collection of Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., Boston

The lines of this cabinet pronounce it William and Mary. It has a chaste but solid dignity. A glass collection is preserved in it. It is from the Amos A. Lawrence collection

A MUSEUM THAT EARNS ITS KEEP

WE used to think of a museum as a tomb of the past. There were ample reasons why we held to this opinion. Museums were depositaries of old, rare and beautiful works of art where the discerning or the desirous foregathered, whenever the spirit moved them, to behold and enthuse. That was about all.

During the past three years this worn-out legend has been scraped together with kings and untaxed incomes and all the other non-essential and evil flotsam of a recent dark age. Museums have become the depositaries of the future. They link up the past with the present. They reincarnate the beauty of a by-gone time for the guidance of present-day manufacturers and the delectation of people.

This is the significant work that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City has accomplished under the stress of war. The story is best told by the words of its own accounting of stewardship: "Manufacturers and designers have found it to their advantage to use the museum, and this means that they have found it to their business advantage. No greater test of the value of art as related to progress could be offered. Design has been able to demonstrate its own salability, which indicates a by no means insignificant step in our valuable art producing trades, trades which represent an annual expenditure of no less than $500,000,000 for home furnishings alone."

Just how do these designers and manufacturers benefit from the museum?

WHETHER the field is metal work, tiles, plaster, stained glass, or costume design, whether the manufacturer makes reproductions of colonial furniture or re-designs a silver goblet for commercial use, whether he works from Byzantine ivories or Flemish tapestries, in jewelry or architectural terracotta, whether he is designer or manufacturer, decorator or craftsman, the resources of the museum have been offered him and he has studied objects of art from an inspirational viewpoint, very much as he would use a book for study.

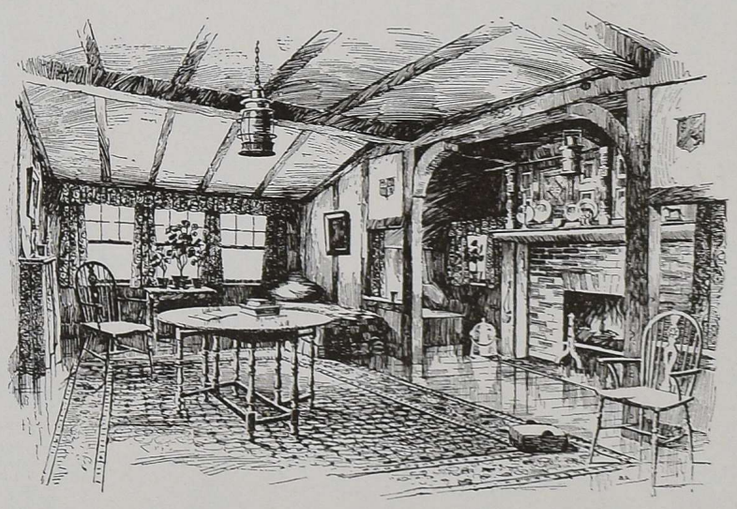
To continue the report of this work: "An Italian gesso-covered and painted picture frame may seem a long cry from the modern market, yet it has been studied by a New York manufacturer of tapestries. An Athenian vessel twenty centuries old has been passed by thousands of visitors until a designer of commercial containers saw in this as in nothing else that had come to her notice a possibility for a modern jar to hold cosmetics. A millefleurs tapestry remained the despair of scores of artists and designers until a manufacturer of rugs determined to take advantage of this design for the improvement of American rugs. A designer of dress fabrics saw possibilities in the armor collection. A china painter studied Russian laces. Embroidered crests assisted in the design of American sport skirts. Florentine glass bottles offered suggestions for printed voiles. Ecclesiastical vestments were found full of suggestion for wall papers. The color for painted chairs was found in Chinese pottery. A paper soap wrapper design saw its beginnings in snuff boxes.

"These are a few of the actual cases of recent weeks, all showing that in tracing fundamentals of design the manufacturer or his designer seeks his inspiration wherever it may be found and the differences of material, style, artist, period, race, or purpose are not considered barriers. Thus they have at their command the entire field of industrial art design of all ages, and their only limitation is that they shall properly express in terms of their own materials the design and purposes of the pieces which they themselves are producing."

THE work of the museum in facilitating the study of designers is manifold. One method, for example, is the sale of photographic reprints to students and designers. Sixty-five thousand of them are sold annually.

"To meet these requirements on the part of the modern manufacturing and designing world, the Metropolitan Museum maintains a large and efficient force of assistants and an extensive system of study rooms, lantern slide and photograph collections, lending collections, and other physical means of assistance. There are a number of docents or museum instructors familiar with every detail of the galleries and their contents and there is a specially trained associate whose province it is to assist in bringing together the seeker and his objective, to act as a sort of liaison officer between the museum and the world of art in trade. This member of the staff is a person qualified to assist manufacturers and designers from the standpoint of their own requirements. He makes it his business to visit shops and workrooms, he is familiar with the processes of manufacture and keeps abreast of the market, so that he shall be able to visualize trade values in museum facilities and thus help manufacturers toward their own objectives."

In these endeavors lies the promise of a great result.



HEARTHSIDE

So many things to love in that small house of ours,
The sunlight swept across the breakfast-board,
The brass bowls blooming with their nodding sheaves of flowers,
The genial fireplace where stout logs have roared;
There is a little window looking to the East
Where stars peeped in on us through twilight haze;
The mottled plates we kept against the seldom feast
Shining from their shelves in bright arrays;
The wide, soft rug—fair-colored as some enfabled mead,
With stiff Levantine blossoms, weaver-sown;
The stately chairs, the pipe-stand, and rows of books to read;
The sweater on the settle lightly thrown.
So much I love . . . their peace, content and happiness,
And friendliness to make each corner bloom,
And more than all, the clock, so solemn of address,
That murmurs to itself down the still room.

—ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES.

BEHIND all this activity, this reincarnation of past beauty is a great aspiration. Our manufacturers are learning that their factory is not merely a business venture, but "a work bench of national taste." Every chair or lighting fixture or yard of goods is a factor in the great mosaic of national culture fostered by the industrial arts.

The Metropolitan Museum, to have recourse once again to its report, "maintains that 'Made in America' on an object of furniture or furnishings is inadequate unless it also connotes *designed by an American-trained craftsman.*"

Here is an irrefutable answer to those who would accuse the American people of lacking good taste. Here also is an answer to those who look upon museums as tombs. For a laudable standard of activity is being set by this museum that must be copied—if they dare to justify their existence—by every other museum in the country.

No longer are the people to be satisfied with "good enough" wares in their homes. That old fallacy of maintaining a low level in order to give the people what they want is beautifully exploded. Give them the best, and they will buy, for the average man's tastes are very much above the average. Teach him to live surrounded by beautiful objects and he enters into a new life. Teach him to go to his museums and the things that were dead will live.

Mary Garden, as Gismonda

The Title Role of Fevrier's Opera, Which Recently Had Its World Première in Chicago, and Is Now Being Sung by the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington Theatre

George Washington in Paris

An Exclusive Document, Just Discovered

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

AS a close student of American political history, it is my pleasant duty to spread before the public gaze a most curious and absolutely unknown document which has just been brought to my attention. I refer to nothing less than a hitherto lost section of the diary of our own immortal George Washington. Delvers into the archives of Colonial Americana are doubtless familiar with the interesting hiatus which occurs in the painstaking chronicle of the Father of his Country during the latter months of the year 1782, and the early part of '83.

This remarkable void, in an otherwise unbroken narrative, has long puzzled our archeologists. Only the overwhelming reputation of our first President for veracity, has prevented any doubts being cast upon the naïve statement with which he explains the lack of record of events covering a period just after the close of the Revolution. Washington, according to all histories and text-books, is supposed to have gone straight from Fraunces' Tavern, where he said farewell to his officers, to his home in Mount Vernon; there to rest and recuperate after a successful war; to ride to hounds, to mend his fences—in short, to busy himself with the well-earned repose and recreation of a country gentleman.

That he did so is beyond a doubt. We have the testimony of his own diary in which, as I say, he rarely missed a daily entry. And then comes this strange lapse—a break of nearly four months—during which we have no hint of the author's doings, until, in February, 1783, we are blandly informed—

"Followers of my notes may supply to themselves such knowledge as is necessary, of the foregoing period by a general statement that the weather was for the most part seasonably disagreeable. I was able to make no detailed entries, because of a quinsy by which I am still much shaken."

A quinsy, indeed! Instinctively, as I read this passage my mind rebelled. But let him who will raise a word of protest against the veracity of George Washington. He will find himself overwhelmed by an outcry of remonstrance. Such was my experience when I brought to the attention of some of our foremost scholars the apparent thinness of Col. Washington's excuse for his literary silence.

"Nonsense," wrote my old friend, Peleg Penworthy, Professor of American History in the Reform School at Nutley, N. J. "Nonsense, my dear friend. There is a much simpler reason than yours. The man was simply tired out. We must take him at his word. Remember the incident of the Cherry Tree—think how this great reputation for veracity has become woven into the minds of our youth, and hesitate e'er you strike a thoughtless blow at that magnificent institution."

PENWORTHY'S reply was characteristic of a score to whom I wrote. I was silenced by the chorus. Over all of them rested the shadow of that absurd Cherry-tree. Moreover, there was really much in Peleg's comment on Washington's extreme activity, particularly in the period toward the close of the war. I have carefully scrutinized the pages of his journal during the weeks before the final collapse of Cornwallis, only to become convinced that in addition to Colonial affairs, the great general was under private contract to no less than three corporations, which were undertaking to exploit his magnetic personality for their great mutual profit. I refer, frankly, to the Inn-keepers Corporation, the G. W. Over-night Company, and the Stuart Picture Palace, Inc. These organizations were, as the last-named will suggest, actually the forerunners of the movies of to-day, and Washington may be truthfully said to have been the Charlie Chaplin of his time.

JUST a word as to the character of these organizations. The Inn-keepers Corporation aimed solely to control the various feeding times of their First Citizen. The G. W. Overnight Company took charge of his places of rest; in a word, they were the great man's sleeping partners. The third—the Stuart Picture Palace, Inc., possessed a distinct field in its well-nigh perfect monopoly of Washington Portrait-Production. At one time it is reckoned that this great plant employed no less than four hundred hands, figuring one hand to each artist, engaged solely in turning out the well-known Stuart Portraits of Washington which, in justice to the enterprise, it must be agreed, have retained a surprising degree of popularity. All three companies, be it observed, were based on a shrewd appreciation of the value of future publicity. How many inns, taverns, hostelries and homesteads owe their continuance and prosperity to the simple statement—"It was here that Washington breakfasted (or dined or slept) on such-and-such a date." Small wonder that the astute commander kept such a careful diary! There was money in it. Was it more than fair that, in addition to the sustenance provided, he should receive a handsome fee for each appearance. On his side, he evidently agreed to enter his appearance carefully in his diary to assure the innkeeper or householder of undying fame. But think of the fatigue of it! Here is a sample day, one among many during this most arduous period:

"Sept. 20. Sett off at dawn, *as is my custom,* and breakfasted at Skirrets Tavern, 12 miles short of Baltimore, *as per contract.* Satt for Stuart portrait for two hours, at the same time receiving reports from Generals, Lee and Talmadge. War progressing satisfactorily. Bated and lunched at Spurriers (now the Widow Balls) where General Huntingdon made his report on tax matters. Satt for Stuart again until 4 o'clock, when I rid to the Head of Elk, where I dined with host, Ritter. Lodged with Major Snowden, *by agreement,* and to bed. A full day *but profitable.*"

The italics only are my own. How vividly they proclaim the tireless energy of our great leader. Small wonder that our owlish historians have accepted the current excuse of fatigue for the peculiar cessation of the great Patriot's autobiography. It remained for the Goddess of Chance to cast at my feet the true reason, the only plausible explanation for the four months' silence, vaguely attributed to a "quinsy."

IT has long been my custom to employ the services of various distant connections of our early Americans who, in the vicissitudes of modern life, have fallen from the high estate of their illustrious ancestors. Among these is an estimable junk-dealer of Wethersfield, Conn., just south of Hartford, one Bushrod Custis by name, who conducts a modest business in bottles, lead-pipe, rags and other flot-and-jetsam.

Imagine my excitement on receiving recently from friend Bushrod, a maple writing-box from the lining of which came to light the most extraordinary document in General Washington's hand-writing, rescued from the buttery of the General Webb house (recently restored and painted light blue by the Society of Continental Sons-in-Law). A document which turns out to be no less than a record of the famous Four Lost Months which proves, beyond peradventure of a doubt, that from October 1st, 1782, to March 3rd, 1783, George Washington was in Paris, France!

Let history make the most of it! If our text-books must be changed, so be it. To me it only shows, splendidly, the prophetic quality of the illustrious statesman. Picture the conditions. A world-war was at an end. Against the claims of Great Britain was arrayed The League of France, Holland, Spain, Denmark and Norway, to say nothing of that infant Bolshevik, the United States of America. And at that critical hour did the Colonial leader hestitate? did he falter? No! He saw plainly that his place was at the Peace Conference. But how to bring it about? Remember, his position was one of great difficulty. In France he was at the time *persona non grata.* Lafayette was in disgrace, nor was it forgotten that in his youth Washington had fought against the French at the side of Braddock.

BUT mark the astuteness of the man. Between Benjamin Franklin and George Washington had long smouldered the sparks of a buried feud, dating from the winter of Valley Forge, when the former had persistently refused to send his Franklin stove to warm the patriot chilblains of the ragged army! Once in power, Washington saw his way to even old scores, and at the same time to accomplish his political ends. The physical likeness between Washington and Franklin is astounding. Except for the cut of the hair they are identical.

To recall the inventor of the Lightning-rod from over-seas, to take his name, his place, his very personality at the council tables of the Treaty of Paris was but a holiday pastime for the hero of twenty campaigns. Washington, in a Shakesperian make-up devised by a clever Philadelphia wig-maker, unquestionably pulled off one of the greatest bits of diplomacy in the world's history. Incidentally, it was there, in Paris, and not in Mount Vernon, that he found the rest and relaxation which fitted him for the arduous duties of his next Presidency.

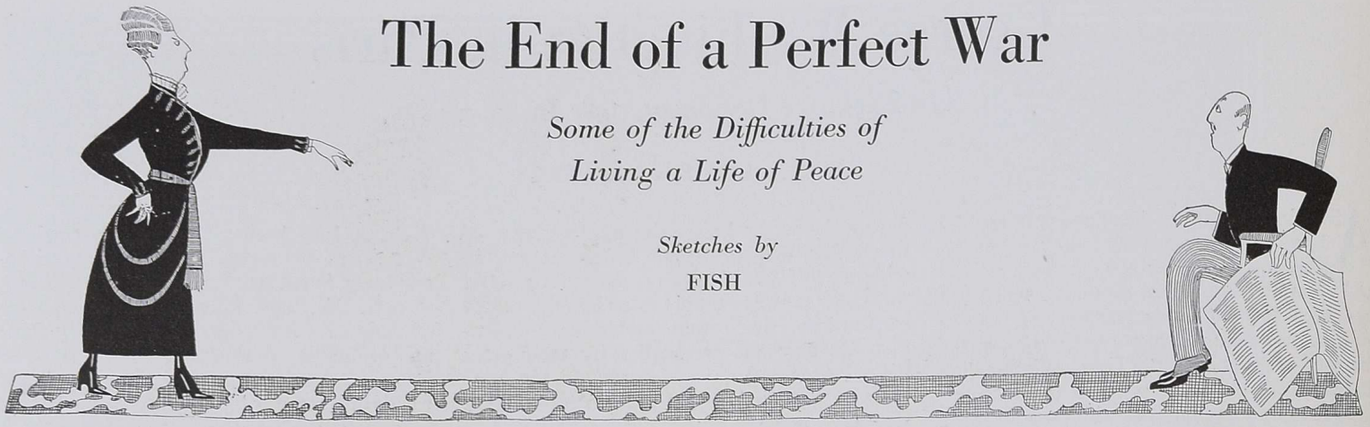
But let a few entries in the marvellously recovered diary speak for themselves:

"Paris, Oct. 3. Rose at noon, as is now my custom and rid with my Lord Hill and John Adams in the wood of Boulogne. Talked of matters of the Baltic (*Continued on page 92*)

The End of a Perfect War

Some of the Difficulties of Living a Life of Peace

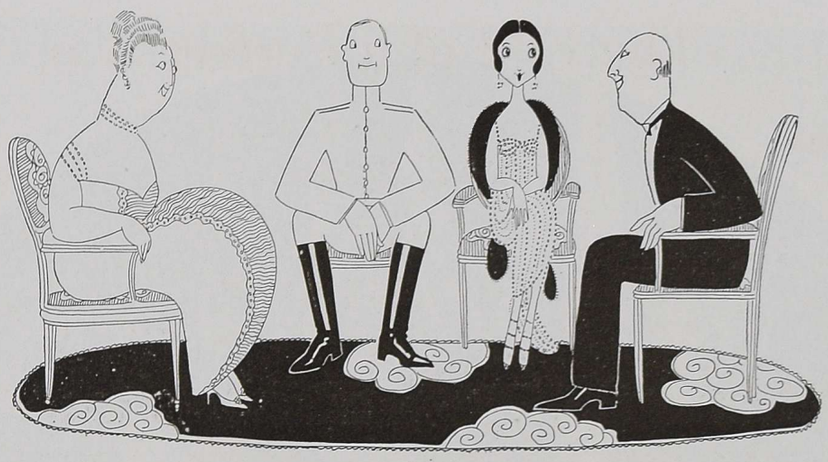
Sketches by
FISH



Little domestic scenes like this will often occur, now that peace is in our midst. The lady in the case used to be a captain in the women's motor corps, while the war was being done, and it's a trifle difficult for her to drop her military manner since she is back in civilian life. She is, in a moment of forgetfulness, ordering her husband to the guardhouse for failing to salute her

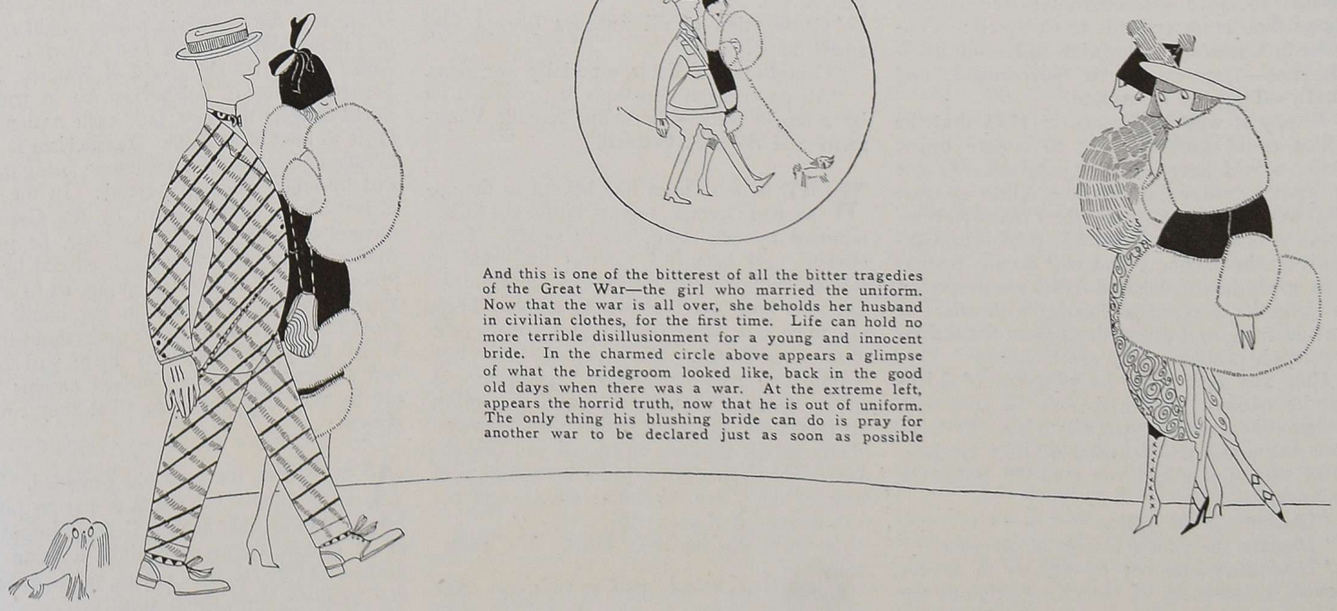
There are going to be a great many inconveniences, all directly due to the late war. Here, for example, is a rather embarrassing moment in the life of a somewhat premature war widow. Her ancient and crabbed husband, after much coaxing, went to war, where, according to what she read in the newspaper casualty lists, he very considerately got himself killed. But it just goes to show that you can't believe everything you see in the papers. Her husband isn't dead at all, in fact, he never felt better in his life,—the war just kept him outdoors and did him good. He is here shown in the very act of returning—and, of course, he couldn't have come at a more inconvenient minute. Husbands always do pull this Enoch Arden stuff at just the most inopportune time

Cross-section of a quiet evening at home in the drawing-room in a New York apartment —a perfect example of the absolutely ultimate word in post-war interior decoration. These little military touches around the house not only make things delightfully homelike for the returned warrior, but they provides a use for all those mementoes of the recent war which were brought back from France by the dauntless souvenir-hounds of the A. E. F. And besides all that, it makes such a peaceful atmosphere for the children to grow up in—observe in the foreground, at the right, the young idea learning to shoot



The war has made life decidedly more intricate, in a great many ways. Here, for instance, is the case of the American soldier who has proudly brought home his Jugo-Slavic bride, to become one of the family. The only hitch to the entire idyll is that the bride doesn't speak English, while her family-in-law can't say even so much as "Aren't we having unusual weather for this time of year?" in the Jugo-Slavic dialect. A pleasant time is being had by all

Of course, soldiers who return after being away in France are going to find a good many changes when they get back home. Here is a delightful little surprise that greeted a returned officer on his arrival at the old homestead. The proud father has not grasped, as yet, the whole joy of the situation; so far, he realizes only the first two-thirds of it—he hasn't seen the nurse coming around the corner with the remainder. It is surprising, at first, of course—but then, these occurrences will happen in the best-regulated families



And this is one of the bitterest of all the bitter tragedies of the Great War—the girl who married the uniform. Now that the war is all over, she beholds her husband in civilian clothes, for the first time. Life can hold no more terrible disillusionment for a young and innocent bride. In the charmed circle above appears a glimpse of what the bridegroom looked like, back in the good old days when there was a war. At the extreme left, appears the horrid truth, now that he is out of uniform. The only thing his blushing bride can do is pray for another war to be declared just as soon as possible

VITAGRAPH

"The Common Cause," one of the most important ventures in moving picture allied propaganda, brings a notable constellation of stage celebrities before the camera. The war story, the scenario of which was written by J. Hartley Manners and Major Ian Hay Beith, is preceded by an allegorical prologue, emblematic of the joining of civilized nations in a common cause of defense against barbarity and aggression. In this prologue the nations are personified by a quite dazzling array of Broadway stars. Just to be contrary, we will read from right to left, beginning with Effie Shannon, who represents Belgium; Violet Heming appears as Britannia; Marjorie Rambeau represents America; Irene Castle portrays France; Julia Arthur is stately as Italy; and Sada Tamayaki, the lady at the extreme left, impersonates her native Japan

Let Nature Take Its Course in Germany

By ARISTIPPUS THE YOUNGER

ARE the Allies about to prevent the German people from discovering liberty? Will the Allies rob the world of the fruits of victory by saving Germany from good, sound, normal domestic self-determination? History shows that Tyranny leads to Conquest: Conquest to Downfall: Downfall to Revolution—Madness—Experiments in Government, and finally—Political Education.

Happy it was for France in 1795 that the Allies could not intervene to restore order. Order would have arrested progress. France is France to-day because the Allies of that time were not able to police the French Revolution. And now that Nature is punishing Germany in the only way that will do any permanent good, the soft-hearted Allies are proposing to bribe the German proletariat with offers of foreign food, and divert them from the serious homespun problems they are tackling.

Can any one read the program of Liebknecht without hoping it may be tried,—in Germany? Imagine yourself to have lived all your life under the Prussian military tyranny. With what joy would you read the Bolshevik program!

"Disarm all the police.

"Deprive the ruling classes of all arms.

"Discipline imposed by officers to be removed, substituting the free disposition of the soldiers; thus putting an end to the military caste.

"A Revolutionary Tribunal to try the Hohenzollerns, Hindenburg, Ludendorf, Tirpitz & Co.

"Confiscation of all fortunes (except very small ones).

"Cancellation of debts, especially war loans.

"All government functions to be carried on by a single body,—the noble, reliable Workmens and Soldiers Council."

WHY it must seem like heaven to the oppressed German, to have all the ills of life removed by one clean, hearty sweep. These obvious and beautiful reforms are what he wants. Nothing else satisfies his imagination. Let him work out his own salvation. There are, to be sure, other factions in Germany who want other things. They, too, can only find out what is possible through experiment. A certain amount of bloodshed and discomfort are inevitable; but what nation ever discovered liberty except through bloodshed and discomfort? The Germans are, at least, seething with ideas of their own,—popular ideas,—and not with spoon-fed Kaiser-bräu.

Let them die for their ideas. It's wholesome.

And how much they must be learning! For instance, I see that in the street-fighting the other day there was "a truce." Did one, or both sides fire on the white flag, I wonder.

The Allies would be philosophic enough about the whole matter if the Allies were not afraid that the Bolshevik poison might spread to France and England and America. The Allies themselves are afraid of Nature. Now I suggest that if Bolshevism be in truth a world-danger, the best that each nation can do is to meet it at home. Bolshevism is sure to rage in Germany for some time, being qualified by other kinds of tyranny. In the end, it is sure to be put down by the Germans themselves, who will, let us hope, be pretty well exhausted and very much edified by the process. While this is happening, let us stand about at home with guns in our hands and protect our institutions as we understand them. When the peril blows over there will be a new Germany, and the civilized nations will not be very different from what they are at present.

AS for Russia, the Lord has provided. The Allies simply can't get at her to police her, or to protect her against German influence, or to protect Germany against Russian influence. There are some things, gentle readers, that we don't know much about.

The Hohenzollerns in New York

Cousin Willie Behaves Like a Real German Prince

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

UNCLE'S art has failed. It was only yesterday that I was writing in my memoirs of how cheerful and glad I felt to think that Uncle William was going to be able to make his living by art, and now everything is changed again. All the time that Uncle was out on his visit to the picture dealers, I was making plans and thinking what we would do with the money when it came in, so it is very disappointing to have it all come to nothing. I don't know just what happened, because Uncle William never gives any details of things. His mind moves too rapidly for that. But he came home with his pictures still under his arm in a perfect fury and raged up and down his room, using very dreadful language.

But after a little while when he grew calmer he explained to me that the Americans are merely swineheads and that art, especially art such as Uncle William's, is wasted on them. Uncle says that he has no wish to speak harshly of the Americans, but they are pig-dogs. He bears them no ill-will, he says, for what they have done and his heart is free of any spirit of vengeance, but he wishes he had his heel on their neck for about half a minute. He said this with such a strange dreadful snarl that for a moment his face seemed quite changed. But presently when he recovered himself he got quite cheerful again, and said that it was perhaps unseemly in him, as the guest of the American people, to say anything against them.

It is strange how Uncle always refers to himself as the guest of the American people. Living in this poor place, in these cheap surroundings, it seems so odd. Often at our meals in the noisy dining-room down in the basement, in the speeches that he makes to the boarders, he talks of himself as the guest of America and he says "What does America ask in return? Nothing."

I can see that Mrs. O'Halloran, the landlady, doesn't like this, because we have not paid her anything for quite a long time, and she has spoken to me about it in the corridor several times.

But when Uncle William makes speeches in the dining-room I think the whole room becomes transformed for him into the banquet room of a palace, and the cheap bracket lamps against the wall turn into a blaze of light, and the boarders are all courtiers, and he becomes more and more grandiloquent. He waves his hand towards Uncle Henry and refers to him as "my brother, the Admiral," and to me as "the Princess at my side."

Some of the people, the meaner ones, begin to laugh and to whisper, and others look uncomfortable and sorry. And it is always on these occasions that Uncle William refers to himself as America's guest, and refers to the Americans as the hospitable nation who have taken him to their heart. I think that when Uncle says this he really believes it; Uncle can believe practically anything at all—that is, if he says it himself.

SO, as I say, when he came home yesterday, after failing to sell his pictures, he was at first furious and then he fell into his other mood and he said that, as the guest of a great people, he had found out at last the return he could make to them. He said that he would organize a School of Art and as soon as he had got the idea he was carried away with it at once and seized a pencil and paper and began making plans for the school and drawing up a list of the instructors needed.

He asked first who could be Principal, or President, of the School, and decided that he would have to be that himself as he knew of no one but himself who had the peculiar power of organization needed for it. All the technical instructors, he said, must be absolutely the best, each one a master in his own line. So he wrote down at the top of his list, *Instructor in Oils,* and reflected a little, with his head in his hand, as to who could do that. Presently he sighed and said that as far as he knew there was no one; he'd have to do that himself. Then he wrote down *Instructor in Water Color,* and as soon as he had written it he said right off that he would have to take that over, too; there was no one else that he could trust it to. Then he said, "Now, let me see, *Perspective, Freehand,* and *Crayon Work,* I need three men: three men of the first class. Can I get them? I doubt it. Let me think what can be done."

He walked up and down the room a little with his hands behind his back and his head sunk in thought while he murmured, "Three men? Three men? But ha! why *three?* Why not, if sufficiently gifted, *one* man?"

BUT just when he was saying this there was a knock at the door and Mrs. O'Halloran came in. I knew at once what she had come for, because she had been threatening to do it, and so I felt dreadfully nervous when she began to say that our bill at the house had gone unpaid too long and that we must pay her at once what we owed her.

It took some time before Uncle William understood what she was talking about, but when he did he became dreadfully frigid and polite. He said:

"Let me understand clearly, madame, just what it is that you wish to say: do I apprehend that you are saying that my account here for our maintenance is now due and payable?"

Mrs. O'Halloran said yes, she was. And Uncle said:

"Let me endeavor to grasp your meaning exactly: am I correct in thinking that you mean I owe you money?"

Mrs. O'Halloran said that was what she meant. Uncle said:

"Let me try to apprehend just as accurately as possible what it is that you are trying to tell me: is my surmise correct that you are implying that it is time that I settled up my bill?"

Mrs. O'Halloran said "Yes," but I could see that by this time she was getting quite flustered because there was something so dreadfully chilling in Uncle's manner: his tone in a way was courtesy itself, but there was something in it calculated to make Mrs. O'Halloran feel that she had committed a dreadful breach in what she had done.

Uncle William told me afterwards that to mention money to a prince is not a permissible thing, and that no true Hohenzollern has ever allowed the word "bill" to be said in his presence, and that for this reason he had tried, out of courtesy, to give the woman every chance to withdraw her words and had only administered a reprimand to her when she failed to do so. Certainly it was a dreadful rebuke that he gave her. He told her that he *must insist* on this topic being dismissed and never raised again: that he could allow no such discussion: the subject was one, he said, that he must absolutely refuse to entertain: he did not wish, he said, to speak with undue severity but he had better make it plain that if there were any renewal of this discussion he should feel it impossible to remain in the house.

While Uncle William was saying all this, Mrs. O'Halloran was getting more and more confused and angry, and when Uncle finally opened the door for her with cold dignity, she backed out of it and found herself outside the room without seeming to know what she was doing. Presently I could hear her down in the scullery below, rattling dishes and saying that she was just as good as anybody.

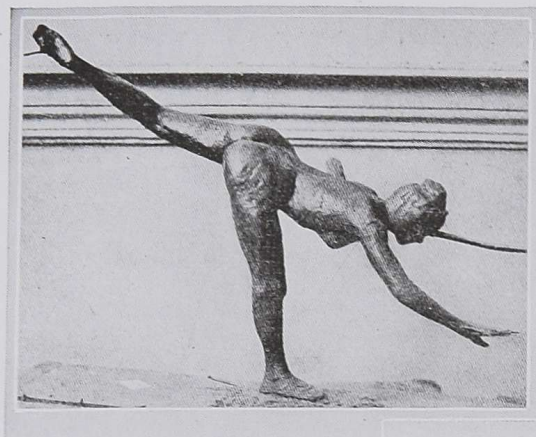
But Uncle William seemed to be wonderfully calmed and elevated after this scene, and said, "Princess, bring me my flute." I brought it to him and he sat by the window and leaned his head out over the back lane and played our dear old German melodies, till somebody threw a boot at him. The people about here are not musical. But meantime Uncle William had forgotten all about the School of Art, and he said no more about it.

TO-DAY a dreadful thing has happened. The police have come into the house and have taken Cousin Willie away. He is now in a place called The Tombs, and Mr. Peters says that he will be sent to the great prison at Sing-Sing. He is to be tried for robbery and for stabbing with intent to kill.

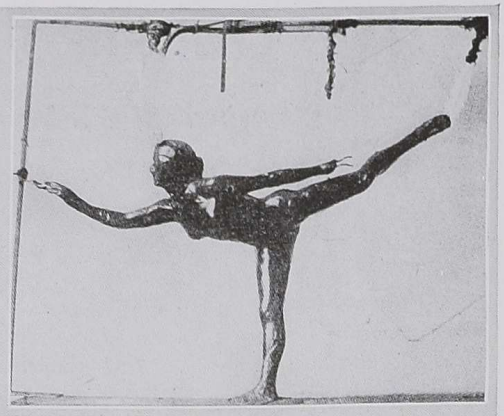
It was very dreadful when they came to take him. I was so glad that Uncle William was not here to see it all. But it was in the morning and he had gone out to see a steamship company about being president of it, and I was tidying up our rooms, because Mrs. O'Halloran won't tidy them up any more or let the colored servant tidy them up until we pay her more money. She said that to me but I think she is afraid to say it to Uncle William. So I mean to do the work now while Uncle William is out and not let him know.

This morning, in the middle of the morning while I was working, all of a sudden I heard the street door open and slam and someone rushing up the stairway: and then Cousin Willie broke into the room, all panting and excited, and his face gray with fright, and gasping out "Hide me, hide me!" He ran from room to room, whining and hysterical, and his breath coming in a sort of sob, but he seemed incapable of deciding what to do.

I would have hidden him if I could, but at the very next moment I heard the policemen coming in below, and the voice of the landlady. Then they came upstairs, big strong-looking men in blue, any one of whom could have choked Cousin Willie with one hand. Cousin Willie ran to and fro like a cornered rat, and two of the men seized him and then I think he must have (*Continued on page 85*)



This is a miniature study, in wax, for a "danseuse à la barre," one of the French painter's oft repeated figures



A typical plasterlene figure by Dégas It was used by him as a study for one of his famous drawings in pastel

"The Infant Dancer", one of a group of wax figures, modelled by the great *genre* painter, which has recently come to light in France

A female figure. Notable for its particularly careful modelling of the torso. Dégas entitled the plasterlene study, "Dancer wounded in the foot"

NO more notable example of versatility could be found, among modern French painters, than that of Edgar Dégas. He began life and achieved his first success as an etcher. In paint and in pastel his works have, for the past ten years, been selling at prices greater than those of any contemporary painter. And now we are learning of him as a sculptor. His later work, as is well known, was largely devoted to the portrayal of ballet subjects, the dance having influenced him strongly as a subject for reiterated pictorial treatment. The highest price ever paid for a painting by a living painter was the price fetched at the Rouart sale, in 1912, by Dégas's canvas entitled "Danseuses à la barre". The canvas fetched well over $100,000. Although Mary Cassatt was Dégas's only pupil, his influence on the younger generation of painters was as constant as it was marked. It has lately come to light that Dégas was in the habit of making wax models for the figures in his better known canvases. We are privileged to show a few of these on this page.

Dégas was in the habit of clothing his little wax models. The dresses, and the textures in them, were habitually selected by the painter himself

"At the Bar". Those of our readers who are familiar with the work of an ordinary ballet class will at once recognize the movement here indicated. It is that of a pupil who is rehearsing her lesson with one foot resting on the wooden bar, an essential feature on the walls in ballet schools the world over

Edgar Dégas, a Sculptor as Well as a Painter

Plastic Studies by the Great French Master

Art in Politics

A Cubist Secretary Might Not Be Out of Place Among Other Squareheads

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

SOMEONE,—I'll bet it was Joseph Pennell—recently gave an outline to the newspapers,—I'm *sure* it was Joseph Pennell,—indicating a plan for the creation of a Department of Fine Arts in the Federal Cabinet. As I remember it, the Secretary of Fine Arts would be one of the boys, along with the Secs. of Agriculture and the Interior. He would have the regular franking privilege, and, if the Chief Executive and a sufficient number of ranking cabinet members were to fall into the Potomac in rapid enough succession, it might come about that he would become President of these, let us say, United States.

And there is nothing wrong in that, certainly. An expert in the Fine Arts should make at least as fitting a unit in the apostolic succession as an expert on the boll weevil, or fried chicken and waffles, Southern style.

But what will it do to politics? That question will bear repeating: What will it do to politics?

DURING an election campaign, all the functions of the Administration come in for public discussion. The management of the railroads, the feeding of troops, the distribution of nasturtium seeds, even the social activities of the head of the government. If, at the same time, there were to be questions of artistic policy dragged across the public platform, defended by one party, attacked by the other, and both defended and attacked by *The New Republic,* would not the result be such as to render it possible, on a still night, to hear the sound of uneasy tossings and turnings in the graves of the world's great artists, whoever they may be?

Before it is too late, let us consider the possibilities. Let us consider the campaign slogans which would greet us on the fences and in the street-cars:

"Vote for John A. Ossip! He kept us out of post-impressionism!"

"Down with the nude in art! Vote for Horace W. Pickerell and the sanctity of the home!"

"George Washington never heard of Eli Nadelman. What was good enough for Washington, is good enough for Henry L. Wrapper. Give him your vote!"

One could go on with these things indefinitely. In fact, one is almost tempted to, they look so funny in black and white. But the more one writes of them, the less funny they grow; so we might as well not trifle with our luck, but let it go at that.

IT isn't as if there weren't other ideas to expand on the same subject. There is, for instance, the campaign speech, delivered in the Auditorium, by someone who is introduced as "a man who we all know, a man who we all admire, and a man who, I am sure, we are all eager to hear to-night,—the Honorable Stephen L. Wringley!" (Applause.)

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. I have come to you this evening to address this impressive gathering in behalf of a man whose name is known from one end of the country to the other, a man who is 100% American, a man whom I am taking the liberty to speak of as the next President of the United States,—Louis Gadget! (Forty-three seconds of applause.)

"I wish to dwell very briefly on what seem to me to be the salient points in his platform in contrast with that of the opposing party. But first, I want to take up a matter which, I think you will all agree with me, constitutes one of the most disgraceful chapters in American history. I refer to that action, on the part of the Fine Arts Department of the present Administration, in removing the remarkable historical paintings which formerly adorned the interior of the Capitol dome, and replacing them with a series of so-called Vorticist creations, supposed to represent, according to our advanced Secretary of Fine Arts, the successive arm and leg movements of an American Indian progressing from the savage state to a post-graduate course at Hampton College. These paintings, according to Secretary Blevitch, are examples of 'non-representation,' a new school in Art. The Honorable Secretary doesn't know the half of it. (Laughter.)

"The dome of the Capitol is not the property of any political party. It is not the property of any political organization, it is not the property of any political machine. It belongs to the People of the United States. (Applause.) And, if Louis Gadget is elected, it will be returned to the People of the United States! (Loud applause.)

"Our platform is: 'American Art from American Artists! Our brave armies have fought at Ticonderoga. They have fought at the Alamo; they have fought at Gettysburg, and, as the German Kaiser well knows, they have fought at Chateau-Thierry!

"And shall we say now that they have fought in vain? Shall we hand over the tradition of our American art, fostered by Stuart, fostered by Copley, fostered by Howard Chandler Christy, to a crowd of foreigners? No, no, I say! No, *no!*" (Loud applause, and cries of "Yes, yes," from a group of reds, who are immediately ejected.)

WHILE this is going on, another meeting is being held across the street at which the following speech is being made by a speaker who has been introduced as "a man who needs no introduction to this audience,—the Honorable Walter N. Turple!" (Applause.)

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. I have come to-night to speak to you for a very few minutes on the duty which, as I conceive it, lies before each and every one of us in this country to-day: the duty of supporting the hands of the present Administration. (Applause.) We are assailed on every hand by carping critics (laughter) who claim that they could have ordered things better had they been in power during the trying times of the recent artistic renaissance. There is a gentleman of the Opposition whose name is, I believe, Rohrer (laughter)—Harrison J. Rohrer, who ventures to suggest that the Department of Fine Arts has been badly managed during the past four years. Doubtless in the event of the election of Mr. Louis Gadget to the Presidency, this Mr. Rohrer would be appointed to the coveted portfolio of Fine Arts.

"It might not be irrelevant, therefore, to take a look into the artistic past of this honorable gentleman. As near as we are able to find out, he was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, where his father had been instrumental in the introduction of the mansard-roof school of architecture. It would not be fair, perhaps, to indict a man on the tastes and artistic leanings of his father, or his grandfather, although, as the fellow says: 'As the twig is bent, the tree inclines.' (Laughter.)

"But I can see no injustice in disclosing the fact that, as soon as he was able to furnish a home of his own, his first decorative venture was the purchase of a steel engraving depicting the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, and a coffee-colored plaster group representing Lincoln in conference with Seward and Stanton. Furthermore, in his fireplace was an open Japanese fan, according to testimony which I have every reason to believe is accurate. And, if anything further is needed to prove my point, I can produce witnesses who will swear that he was heard to express enthusiastic approval of the earlier Liberty Loan posters.

"Is such a man as this, my friends, to direct the artistic fortunes of our nation? Ever since the days of the Revolution, our army and navy have stood for the integrity of Right and Justice. It was for these principles that the battle of Yorktown was fought; it was for these principles that the battle of Petersburg was fought; it was for these principles that the battle of Manila Bay was fought, and it was for these principles that the Battle of Belleau Wood was fought. (Applause.)

"Shall we say that these battles have been fought in vain? Shall we say that this beloved country of ours has been raised, through the valor of her sons, to a place of high esteem among the nations of the world, to a position of honor in the eyes of England, France, Italy, Belgium, Montenegro, Portugal, Japan, Serbia, and all the others of our brave associates in that war, only to be made the laughing-stock of them, in the same order as above, through the absurd machinations of a man who keeps a Japanese fan in his fireplace at home?

"I cannot believe that the American people will allow themselves to be so humiliated. I cannot believe that the American people will allow themselves to be so misrepresented before the other nations of the earth!" (Applause.)

AND so, there seems every reason to believe, it will go. In addition to criticism of the Administration's policy of handling coal, there will be raised the issue of Barnard's Lincoln. Debating societies will haggle over such questions as "Resolved: that the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol is something terrible," and there will spring up a Moderate Cézanne Party, which will be opposed by a Winslow Homer Centrist Party, with the Tammany Hall interests supporting the campaign of the Art Novelty and Souvenir clique.

I don't want to seem pessimistic, but it is all that I can visualize for the future. And I should hate to have the Metropolitan Art Museum investigated by a committee of southern Congressmen who weren't familiar with Life in its largest sense.

These are undoubtedly two of the greatest greyhounds in America; B. F. Lewis' Lansdowne Sunstar and Ch. Lansdowne Sunflower

LEVICK PHOTOGRAPHS

Peace Reigns in the Canine World

There Is Every Prospect of a Successful Westminster Kennel Club Show for the Benefit of the Red Cross

By REGINALD McINTOSH CLEVELAND

THE 43rd annual holding of the Westminster Kennel Club's famous dog show, which will be in full swing at Madison Square Garden when this issue of Vogue sees the light of day, promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the club. It also promises to be devoid of those unfortunate features of last year's exhibition, well remembered in the fancy, and of great detriment in their effect on both dogs and dog shows. I refer, of course, to the judging scandal, which led to a demonstration unparalleled in the history of this event, when the special for "best in show" came up, which necessitated the calling into the ring of the referee to make the final decision and terminated, a few weeks after the show, in the suspension by the American Kennel Club of the Professional judges concerned.

The judicial end of the 1919 exhibition has been entrusted entirely to amateurs. Many of the men on the list have long been known as breeders and exhibitors of their respective varieties. Some of them have had judging experience in the Garden, several others have judged extensively at minor shows, while a few will make their bow in the judicial capacity at this exhibition. This step is a very wise one on the part of the Westminster Kennel Club. It is sure to lead to a revival of confidence in judging and to do a great deal to dispel the suspicion as to motive, which has hung over the dog show game, to its very great hurt, during the past year.

IT is not at all my intention to say that professional judges are undesirable. On the contrary, they are entirely necessary, and the fact that this is their profession obviously makes them the most capable in its practice. But scenes of the kind that marked the closing of the Westminster last year left such a bad taste in the mouth of all those who have the true interest of sport at heart, and who enter their animals in dog shows in the spirit of friendly rivalry and sportsmanship, that an entire change of program such as that which has been arranged for this year was highly desirable for the sport's rehabilitation.

Chang Chio of Sunnyfields Farm, Mrs. M. M. Van Buren's winning dog; best in the recent specialty show of the breed with 248 contenders

Greenacre Kennel's Chow Chow, Dinkie of Newlands, has the characteristic expression and proud carriage of this deservedly popular breed

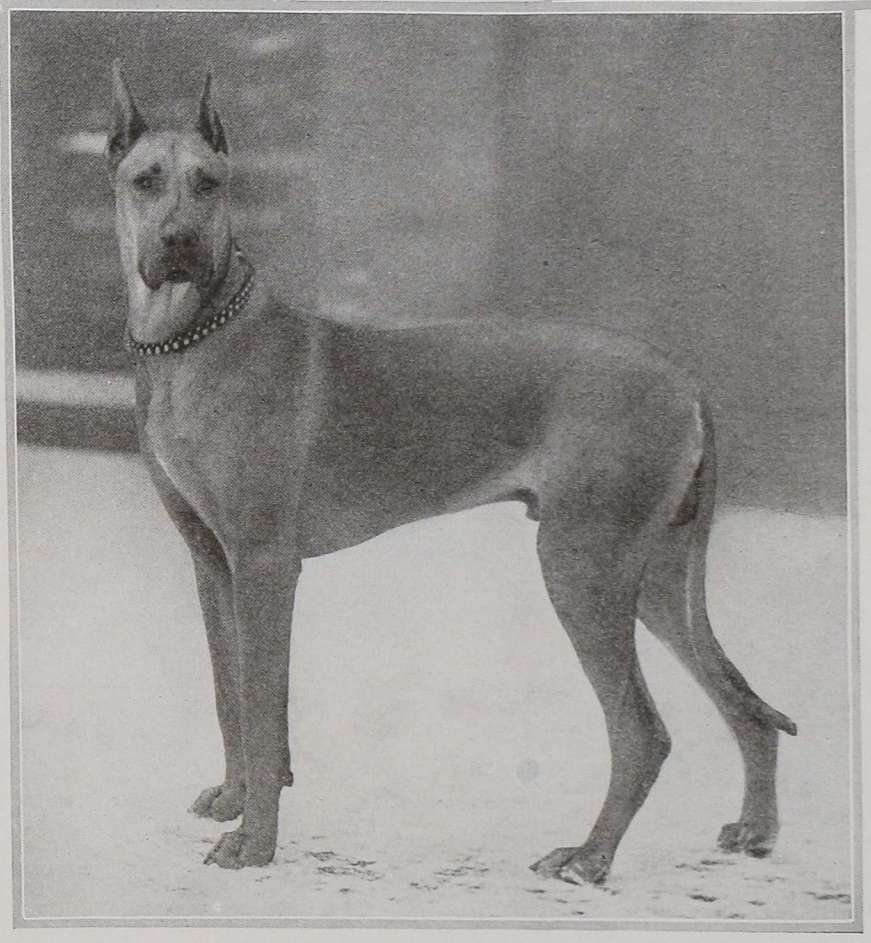
The list of judges is peculiarly strong in practical breeders, which also augurs well for the interest of the exhibitors. No man is so well qualified to judge any breed, as he who has bred many animals of that breed and seen them in all stages of development from puppyhood to maturity. The decisions of such a judge are based upon experience, and, if one does not always agree with his decisions, one can at least feel assured that they are based upon definite, carefully thought out reasons.

THE classes for fox terriers, which always arouse so much interest at this exhibition, will pass under the judicial eye of Mr. Winthrop Rutherford, of Allamuchy, N. J., who has not been in the ring for a number of years. His experience with this breed, as well as Welsh terriers and Irish terriers, which he will also pass upon, is very widespread, and he is confidently expected to draw a big entry. The Bulldogs and Airedale terriers are to be judged by Mr. Alexander H. Stewart from Chicago, whose animals in both breeds have been familiar to the dog-wise public for many seasons. His Bulldog, Champion Strathtay Prince Albert, was twice placed best in show at the Westminster in successive years, and his Airedale terrier, Champion Abbey King Nobbler, is one of the best-known campaigners in this popular breed.

Peculiar interest is attached to the selection of Major Fayette C. Ewing to judge the Scot-

O. A. Shaw McKean's Prides Hill Tweak'em, could hardly be more terrier if he tried, and he tries very hard indeed

Newcomers will have to score very high if they hope to rival the perfections of La Rene D'Anjou, the veteran French Bulldog



Primas L. von Weisenau, that great Great Dane, made a record last year, by going through from Novice to Winners, that will be hard to excel

tish terriers. Major Ewing is one of the pioneers in this breed, and he has produced many of the well-known animals of the country from his Nosegay Kennels at Webster Grove, Missouri. The Greyhounds and Dandie Dinmonts are to be judged by Alfred B. Maclay, of Millbrook, New York. This is another case in which experience will enter the ring in the person of the judge, because Mr. Maclay has been closely associated with the upbuilding of these breeds in the United States. He is one of the oldest exhibitors of Greyhounds.

The Pointers are also to be entrusted to a man long associated with the breeding of field dogs of high quality, Mr. U. R. Fishel, of New York, whose surname, used as a prefix, is borne by many of the pointers which have become famous on the bench, at the trials and in the field. St. Bernards are to be judged by Mr. John B. Keevan, of Brooklyn, who has produced many of these big animals, and has been associated with the breed for a long time. Mr. J. C. Weeks, of York, Pa., will decide on the merits of the Dalmatians, and the Collies will be under the able criticism of Mr. Patrick Tully, of New York City, owner of some of the most widely known specimens in the country.

THE Shepherd Dogs, of which an exceedingly strong entry is indicated, are to be judged by Mr. Leo F. F. Wanner, who has imported and bred many fine specimens of the popular police dog. His bitch, Champion Lottie Von Edelweis, is considered one of the outstanding and typical specimens that we have on this side of the water. Boston terriers, always a large class and one in which competition is keen, are to have W. T. Kinder, of Boston, as judge, while the Bull terriers—the breed which produced the best dog in show last year, in the person of Haymarket Faultless—will be adjudicated by Mr. Scott L. Libby, of East Williston, Long Island.

The Chow Chows are to go before the well-known breeder, Mr. John Z. Adams, of Mount Vernon, who will make his initial appearance in the ring at this show. Mr. Adams has shown a number of Chows of very desirable type, including Champion Lord Cholmondeley, which went from puppies to winners at the Danbury Show and then gained his championship without defeat. Much interest has been aroused among the Chow Chow breeders by the fact that Mr. Adams has been selected to pass upon the breed. Dr. Rupert Anderson, of New York, will decide on the merits of the graceful and spectacular Russian wolfhounds.

Mr. Harry T. Peters, of Islip, Long Island, will judge fox hounds,—there will be no packs—Belgian sheepdogs, Old English sheepdogs, Samoyedes, Boxers, Sealyham terriers and Dobermann Pinschers. The setter classes, which include the English, Gordon and Irish breeds, will go before C. B. Chase, who is widely known as a field dog breeder. He will also pass upon the merits of the wire-haired pointing griffons. The sporting spaniels will be judged by Dr. H. B. Kobler and the beagles by Lieut. R. V. N. Gambrill. French bulldogs must pass under the critical eye of Dr F. A. Fisher.

AMONG the large varieties, the Great Danes will have as judge Mr. John Hartmetz, and the Bloodhounds, Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Irish wolfhounds, Deerhounds, Retrievers and Whippets will go before Mr. J. Willoughby Mitchell, who also will be kept very busy in judging the classes for Poodles, West Highland White terriers, Cairn terriers, Bedlington terriers, Yorkshire and Maltese terriers, Chihuahuas, and miscellaneous classes. The Pomeranians and Pekingese have one of the two women judges of the show, Mrs. Frank T. Clarke, of Sheepshead Bay, New York. The other woman to don the judicial robes—figuratively speaking—will be Mrs. George L. Kolb, who will judge English toy spaniels. The badger dogs will be passed upon by F. L. Hauptner, of New York, and Mr. Theodore Offerman will judge the Black and Tan terriers, Pugs, Japanese spaniels, Toy poodles, Black and Tan toy terriers and the Brussels Griffons of growing popularity.

The difficult task of passing upon the unclassified specials and the variety classes will fall to Messrs. Offerman, Peters and Mitchell. They will bear the heat and conflict of the day when it comes to the question of best in show. It may be confidently expected that this class will have great interest but no scandal.

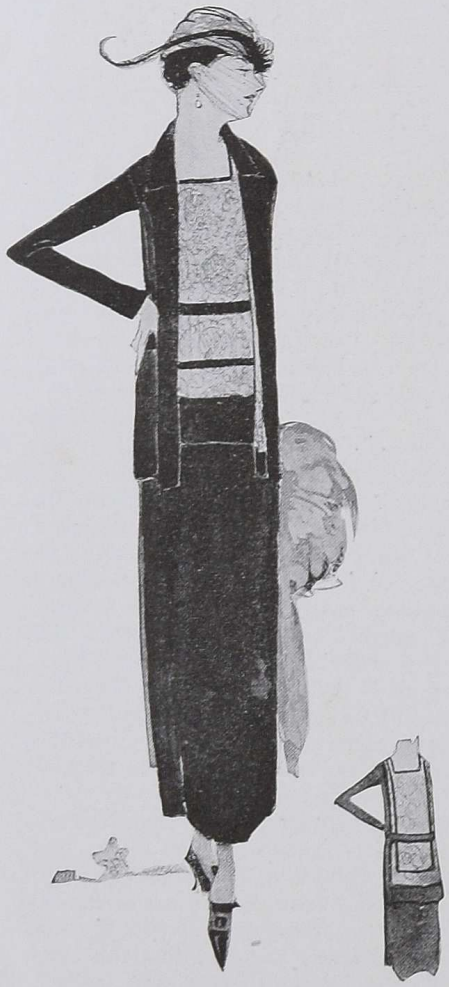
Outdoor Costumes for the First Spring Days

The Outward Signs of the Passing of Winter

We show no signs of forsaking the cape—and it's no wonder, when capes can be as chic and as graceful as this one. It is of black taffeta, with a deep, soft collar and a loose back, and its drapery is most cleverly managed. The only trimming is the uncut fringe of black silk; from Gidding

This hat is of the shape that takes us right back to the mid-Victorian days. It is of black satin, with a low, flat crown and a small up-turned brim, and it is almost covered with glistening coque feathers, which droop gracefully over the edge of the brim at the back; from Ferle Heller

Sports suits are coming into their own again, now that the Winter is fading into the background. This particularly smart one is of knitted angora, in old blue, with wide bands of brushed wool of the same color. Material-covered buttons trim the coat, and a soft belt girdles it; from MaLada



A most unusual suit is this affair, which consists of a frock and an accompanying sleeveless jacket. The frock is of navy blue serge, with a front of silk printed in oriental design and coloring. There is a panel of serge at the back. The sleeveless coat is also of serge, lined with the silk; from Meuller Graves

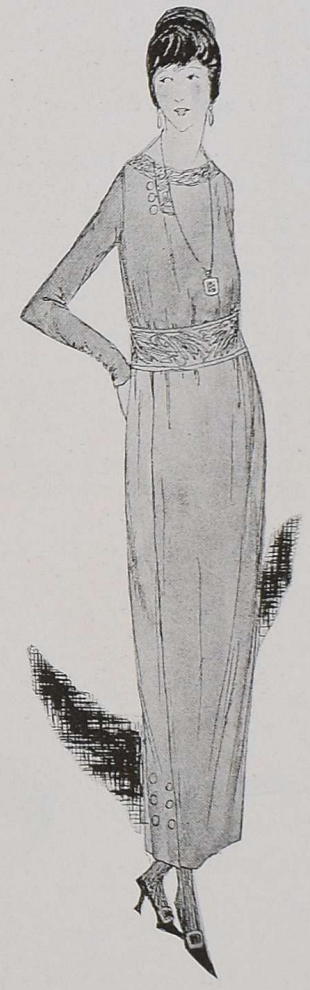
This decidedly novel coat is of brick red gloveskin, with a high collar, cuffs, and wide band down the front of natural camel's hair angora. The upper part of the coat may be thrown back, revealing a waistcoat effect. The low waistline and slight blouse give a Russian effect to the coat; from Gidding

In the Shops

Important Additions to the Successful Wardrobe

Those new Spring suits, which open so widely in front, demand a special kind of blouse, and this one is particularly effective. It is of Georgette crêpe, with a silk stitched design, and having collar, cuffs, and vestee made of a double thickness of the material. The blouse may be had in white, in flesh color, or in French blue trimmed with white Georgette crêpe collar, cuffs, and vest

Fashion never deserts the white blouse, and in the Spring she is doubly devoted to it. This one is of French voile, with a succession of little tucks down the front. The rather low soft collar—just the sort of collar that appears to its best advantage outside a new Spring suit—is edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and the cuffs, too, are trimmed with lace in flesh colored French voile, also



Wool jersey is to be with us more than ever, this Spring. It is the material of this frock, which is all the smarter for its extreme simplicity. The chic silhouette is achieved by two pleats at the bottom of the skirt, caught down by buttons. The frock, which may be had in either tan or navy blue, is embroidered in wool of the same color with touches of a bright contrasting shade

This suit has many features which stamp it unmistakably as a 1919 model—the box coat, the straight skirt with its turned-back hem, the high, soft, turnover collar, and the tricolette vest, of contrasting color. The vest is embroidered in silk, in a chain-stitch design. The suit may be had in navy blue, with a French blue vest, in black with a French gray vest, in tan with a dark blue vest, or in rookie brown with a light tan vest

This frock, as is the way of many new Spring frocks, is impeccably tailored, yet is far from severe in line. It is of blue tricotine, with two folds of the material which start at the shoulders, cross, and turn under at the hem, held at the long waist-line with a belt of black silk braid. This effect is repeated, at the back. The vest is of white tricolette with white stitching and tiny white tassels extending all the way down to the braid belt

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

It's really a coat-dress, though it poses as a suit with the long lines that the American woman has found most becoming

THE tailored suit will probably be seen in even greater numbers than during the four years that have just gone by. The coats of these suits are much longer than they have been for many seasons, and some of them even reach to the knees. The lines are loose and straight, and the majority of models are belted at the waist, while the skirts still remain short in Paris. There is a suggestion of the barrel line over the hips, but at the hem they are tight and close. This hem, however, may be just above the ankle bone or just below the knee. The American woman has not looked upon the short skirt with a great deal of favour. She realizes that she is built differently from her French sister, and while she is willing to follow the Parisienne's lead in everything pertaining to fashion, in this matter of short skirts she has hesitated. Therefore the American skirt is still of medium length, varying from four to eight inches from the ground.

The costume consisting of the coat and skirt is the popular fashion of the moment. It may be a two-piece suit or it may be a one-piece dress that resembles a suit. The suits are shown in a number of the lighter weight materials for summer, such as mohair, a light-weight serge, several versions of tricolette, a loosely woven tweed, and tricotine. Tan and grey are prominent spring colours, although black and navy blue remain standards. Very little trimming is used, and in its place stitching and narrow tucks that resemble cordings are very popular. Buttons form a pretty trimming for the tailored suit and are used on many of the new designs. Embroidery, simple in outline and carried out in dull, rather subdued colours, is often seen. Mahogany silk on black, grey on black, and French blue on navy blue are interesting combinations.

A BECOMING COAT-DRESS

A particularly becoming coat-dress is shown in the sketch at the upper left on this page. It is suggested in chestnut brown silk tricolette. The skirt and the bodice are separate, and a sleeveless underbodice of biscuit coloured organdie is also made completely separate so that it may be easily laundered or replaced by a fresh one. The bodice, which is really the coat, follows the long graceful lines that are so becoming to the average American figure. There is a narrow belt to mark the waist-line, over which the upper part of the bodice blouses slightly. A full skirt is attached to the bodice and stops short at either side of the front, giving a coat effect. A becoming finish is the narrow shawl collar below which are two tab-like pockets which are new and amusing.

This blue serge dress, like many of the new spring frocks, has placed its faith in interesting lines and a row of buttons

Long tight sleeves fasten around the wrist with round tricolette-covered buttons.

The sketch at the upper right on this page shows a simple dress for morning wear. It is suggested in a fine quality of summer serge in navy blue. The straight lines are broken by the smart cut of the dress and by two deep points which run up over the bust, mak- a deep V in the middle. A long row of buttons extends all the way down one side of the dress, beginning under the arm. These are of black bone and buttoned into hand-made French buttonholes, and the effect is most attractive. A square neck-line at the front and long, tight, well-tailored sleeves running into a one-button cuff are other interesting features. The fastening occurs on the left shoulder and under the arm, and a narrow double belt outlines a natural waist-line.

THE RETURN OF TAFFETA

Taffeta is coming back into its own this season and will undoubtedly be popular with those women who have to spend at least half of the summer in town. The suit shown at the left in the sketch at the bottom of this page is suggested

(*Continued on page 85*)

Taffeta has come back to spend the summer and brought with it a new attractive trimming of heavy embroidery floss making a band of straight stitching

This season it is an excellent and smart idea to turn mohair into such useful suits as this one which may be worn with a vest that pretends to be a blouse

The Hohenzollerns in New York

(*Continued from page 77*)

been beside himself with fear, for I saw his teeth bite into the man's hand that held him, and one of the policemen struck him hard with his wooden club across the head and he fell limp to the floor.

They dragged him down the stairway like that and I followed them down, but there was nothing that I could do. I saw them lift Cousin Willie into a closed wagon that stood at the street door with quite a little crowd of people gathered about it already, all excited and leering as if it were a show. And then they drove away with him and I came in and went upstairs and sat down in Uncle's room, but I could not work.

A LITTLE later on Mr. Peters came to the house—I don't know why, because it was not for the ice as he had his other clothes on—and he came upstairs and sat down and told me about what had happened. It seemed a strange thing to receive him upstairs in Uncle's bedroom like that, but I was so upset that I did not think about it at the time. Mr. Peters had been on our street with his ice wagon when the police came, though I did not see him. But he saw me, he said, standing at the door. And I think he must have gone home and changed his things and come back again, but I did not ask him.

He told me that Cousin Willie had stabbed a man, or at least a boy, that was in charge of a jewelry shop, and that the boy might die. Cousin Willie, Mr. Peters says, has been stealing jewelry nearly ever since we came here, and the police have been watching him; but he did not know this, and so he had grown quite foolhardy, and this morning in broad daylight he went into some sort of jewelry or pawn shop where there was only a boy watching the shop and the boy was a cripple.

Cousin Willie had planned to hide the things under his coat and to sneak out, but the boy saw what he was doing and cried out, and when Cousin Willie tried to break out of the shop he hobbled to the door and threw himself in the way. And then it was that Cousin Willie stabbed him with his sheath-knife —the one that I had seen in his room— and ran. But already there was a great outcry and the people followed on his tracks and shouted to the police, and so they easily ran him down.

All of this Mr. Peters told me, but he couldn't stay very long and had to go again. He says he is going to see what can be done for Cousin Willie, but I am afraid that he doesn't feel very sorry for him; but after Mr. Peters had gone I could not help going on thinking about it all, and it seemed to me as if Cousin Willie had not altogether had a fair chance in life. Common people are brought up in fear of prison and punishment and they learn to do what they should. But Cousin Willie was brought up as a prince, and was above imprisonment and things like that. And in any case he seemed, when the big men seized hold of him, such a paltry and miserable thing.

LATER on in the day Uncle William came home and I had to tell him all about Cousin Willie. I had feared that he would be dreadfully upset, but he was much less disturbed than I had thought. Indeed it is quite wonderful the way in which Uncle can detach his mind from things.

I told him that Mr. Peters had said that Cousin Willie must go to Sing-Sing, and Uncle said, "Ha! a fortress?" So I told him that I thought it was. After that he asked if Cousin Willie was in his uniform at the time, and when I said that he was not, Uncle said "That may make it more difficult."

Of course, Cousin Willie has no uniform here in America and doesn't wear any, but I notice that Uncle William begins to mix up our old life with our life here and seems sometimes quite confused and wandering; at least other people would think him so.

He went on talking quite a long time about what had happened and he said that there is an almost exact precedent for the "incident" (that's what he calls it) in the Zabern Case. I don't remember much about that, as it was years ago, before the war, but Uncle William said that it was a similar case of an officer finding himself compelled to pass his sword once through a cripple (only once, Uncle says) in order to clear himself a way on the sidewalk. Uncle quoted a good many other precedents for passing swords through civilians, but he says that this is the best one.

IN the evening Cousin Ferdinand and Uncle Henry came over. Uncle Henry seemed very gloomy and depressed about what had happened, and said very little, but Cousin Ferdinand was very much excited and angry. He said what is the good of all his honesty and his industry if he is to be disgraced like this: he said of what use is his uprightness and business integrity if he is to have a first cousin in Sing-Sing. He said that if it was known that he had a cousin there it would damage him with his best trade to an incalculable extent.

But later on he quieted down, and said that perhaps with a certain part of his trade it would work the other way. Uncle Ferdinand has grown to be much interested in what is called here "advertising,"—a thing that he says all kings ought to study—and he decided after he had got over his first indignation that Cousin Willie being in Sing-Sing would be a very good advertisement for him. It might bring him, he said, quite a lot of new business; especially if it was known that he refused to help Cousin Willie in any way or to have anything more to do with any of the rest of us, and not to give us any money. He said that this was a point of view which people could respect and admire.

So before he went home he said that we must not expect to see or hear from him any more, unless, of course, things should in some way brighten up, in which case he would come back.

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(*Continued from page 84*)

in a soft navy blue taffeta. It is lined with French blue silk marquisette, and is trimmed with a band of French blue heavy embroidery floss applied in the straight stitching that is so new and is seen on so many of the French importations. The skirt of this model is perfectly plain with shirred-in fulness at the waist. A double collar of the taffeta finishes the neck and is fastened with the top button of the jacket.

Mohair is suggested for the design shown at the right of the sketch at the bottom of page 84. Black mohair with a fine pin stripe in white would be particularly effective. There is no material so clean and cool for summer wear in town, and it is being treated with great success at many of the smart suit houses in New York. This design uses this material with particularly pleasing results.

ANÆMICS
CONVALESCENTS
DYSPEPTICS
OVER-WORKED
and AGED PEOPLE

Add to your diet

PHOSCAO

The delicious French invigorator prescribed with great success by the medical fraternity in France.

THE BONE
MUSCLE and
BRAIN MAKER

FOR SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS
and DRUGGISTS

Direction:
9, RUE FRÉDÉRIC-BASTIAT, PARIS

BOUTON-PRESSION
Clic!
POUR JUPES ET CORSAGES
En Vente: GRANDS MAGASINS, MERCERIES

Swope's Spring Catalogue is ready

This dependable guide to footwear buying, illustrates and describes Spring's most distinctive fashion tendencies in boots, pumps, oxfords, hosiery, and accessories.

Free delivery everywhere in the United States

A copy is yours for the asking

SWOPE SHOE CO., 920 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Fascination

MORE THAN LUXURIOUS

Morning Glory
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE SILK INCOMPARABLE FOR UNIVERSAL WEAR

In pretty evening and smart street shades

BERFELDEN MILLS

Silk Manufacturers 390 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Fantasy of the Ballet

(Continued from page 61)

Maquillage to be attractive, must of course be unnecessary.

THE art of the ballet counts for much, in the evolution of many favorite effects of contemporary drawing, and not merely because Dégas—who meant to me everything when I was writing on the ballets, standing in the wings, writing verses in which I was conscious of transgressing no law of art in taking that scarcely touched material for new uses,—has drawn dancers, with his reserved, essentially classical mastery of form. By its rapidity of flight within bounds, by its bird-like and flower-like caprices of color and motion, by that appeal to the imagination which comes from its silence (to which music is but like an accompanying shadow, so closely, so discreetly does it follow the feet of the dancers), by its appeal to the eyes and to the senses, by its adorable artificiality, the ballet has tempted almost every draughtsman, as the interiors of music-halls have also been singularly tempting, with their extraordinary tricks of light, their suddenness of gesture, their fantastic humanity.

And pantomime, too, in the French and correct, rather than in the English and incorrect, sense of that word, has had its significant influence. And the point of view is the point of view of Pierrot—Verlaine's "Pierrot gamin":

"Le subtil génie
De sa malice infinie
De poète-grimacier."

Watteau, the Prince of Court Painters, is the only painter of *la galanterie* who has given seriousness to the elegance of that passing moment, who has fixed that moment in an attitude which becomes eternal. In a similar gravity in the treatment of "light" subjects, and for a similar skill in giving them beauty and distinction, we must come down to Dégas. In Dégas, the ballet and the café replace the Italian comedy of masks and the afternoon conversation in a park. But in Dégas there is the same instantaneous notation of movement and the same choice and strange richness of color; with a quite comparable fondness for seizing what is true in artificial life, and for what is sad and serious in humanity at play. But Watteau, unlike Dégas, is never cruel.

NEVER, as Watteau, "a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure or not at all," Dégas, implacably *farouche*, the inexorable observer of women's flesh, in the wings of music halls, in café-concerts, loves and hates and adores this strange mystery of women's flesh which he evokes, often curiously poisonous, but always with a caressing touch, a magic atmosphere that gives heat and life and light to all his pictures.

WHERE Renoir is pagan and sensual, Dégas is sensuous and a moralist. In the purity of his science, and perhaps impurity of his passion, he is inimitable. Is not his style—for painters have their own styles—the style of sensation—a style which is almost entirely made of sensations? He flashes on our vision *la vrai verité* of things, the very essence of them—not so much the essence of truth as of what appears in the visible world to the eyes that see it.

No one ever painted *maquillage* as he does, nor the strokes of light that shine in a dancer's eyes, nor the silk of her rose colored tights that outline her nervous legs; nor the effects—sudden and certain—of what I have seen for years from the stage: silhouettes and faces and bodies and patches of light, a cigarette in a man's mouth; and, in the wings, miracles of change, of caprice, of fantasy, and of what seems and is not an endless motion of the dancers.

I have always felt that the rhythm of dancing is a kind of arrested music; which Dégas has certainly given us: as in the feet that poise, the silent waves of wandering sound of the dancer's moving melody, and her magic. A man of singular, but not of universal genius, Dégas, his work being done, leaves behind him a sense of intense regret; for he created a new art in painting: that is to say, in painting the Sex he adored, without pity and without malice.

WAR SUBSTITUTES FOR A MOTHER

(*Continued from page 53*)

Wilson. The French Committee: Sir Louis Clooten, K.C.M.G., General Ditte, C.B., General Pety de Thozee, Colonel d'Aubrey Taylor, C.M.G., Mme. L. de Hemptinne, Baronne de Jamblinne de Meux, Mme. F. de Hemptienne, Mme. Bosquet, and Military Chaplain Van Dyk.

But no sooner had the new society begun to get abreast of its work than other work came. Not only for the tiniest babies was help needed, but for the older babies, the "wandering orphans" whose unthinkable lives resulted from the devastation of village after village.

At the beginning of this phase of the work the Countess wrote to Mrs. Bache:

"You know that the inhabitants of those stricken countries wait always until the last moment to rush away from the destruction which has swept out their villages and homes. They hope, the poor people, that God will listen to their prayers and that they will be able to remain in their homes. At Ypres the bombardment became greater every day until it got to be impossible for any one to stay there. The old priest, a captain on this wrecked boat, made the rounds of his beloved town, and after giving a last glance, his eyes full of tears, to the burning ruins of his cathedral, he started slowly away. At every step he met women and children who could not go further. Some were wounded by shells, others too frightened to speak or walk. The old priest stayed with those who were dying as long as life lasted, and after receiving the last admonitions of the dying mothers concerning their children, taking the name of each, he took the little ones by the hand and plodded slowly on, and at each step almost, found some new victim dying by the road.

A PITIFUL LITTLE COMPANY

"Little Luzanne Berghe's mother had died along the road. She had had typhoid fever, but was struggling on with her child when a shell bursting near her killed her. The child was not wounded, but terribly frightened, and the priest took her to join his little company. Further on he found little Maria Creel alone, without any one near her. The child could speak only her name—nothing else. A few steps further Maria Clacrebroadt was found in the same way, only that she had been wounded and her little face was full of blood. Further on Mme. Hazebroeck was lying on the side of the road severely wounded by a shell and very ill. Her little daughter Alice was crying; they had not eaten for hours. The mother gave the name of her child to the priest and said that the father was a prisoner in Germany. Then she died. Thus the priest had another added to his flock.

"Little Nellie Chesquiera was running with some other children as the priest came along. When one of the women saw him she brought the little girl up and said that the child was in the French village near Ypres with her family, but that her father had been killed and that the mother had been taken away by the Germans to be a servant in Brussels, and did not know anything about the child. So the priest took her also.

"As he approached the frontier the priest found a woman lying dead, with a baby sleeping in her arms. The child had a piece of paper pinned to her dress and on it her name was written, Eliza Lemalien. These dying mothers seemed intent that their little children should not go out orphaned into the world without their names being known, and the priest found several other children, their mothers dead, and the child with its name on a little piece of paper pinned to the dress, waiting for fate. In this way came to his little band Minnie Rocleus, Martha Veramps, Marie Vanden Breische, and Agnes Luissaert. This last little girl had been wounded in her home and her mother had been killed. A young boy had taken her with him as far as he could go, then he was wounded and fell at the side of the road.

"The little flock had grown to quite a number, and as the priest plodded on he found a woman dying at the roadside. He went to her. She was so weak that the only thing she could do was to give her baby to the old man and ask him to take care of the child. She whispered the child's name, Jeanne de Leu, then died.

"Just ahead a shell fell on the roadside, killing several women and children. Two little girls were left alive in this group. Their names, strange to say, were Godelieve Didier and Godelieve van Dromme. So the priest took with him these two little children and kept on hastening toward safety.

WITHOUT FOOD OR SHELTER

"At the crossing of a road three nuns were praying, and when the priest came up to them he said, 'Come with me and take care of my children.' So the little band traveled on together until the children's strength was exhausted and they could go no farther. They found, however, shelter for the night in a stable and obtained some food. Next morning they continued their flight farther from the murderers, and so each day, until they found an empty convent where they were allowed to stay.

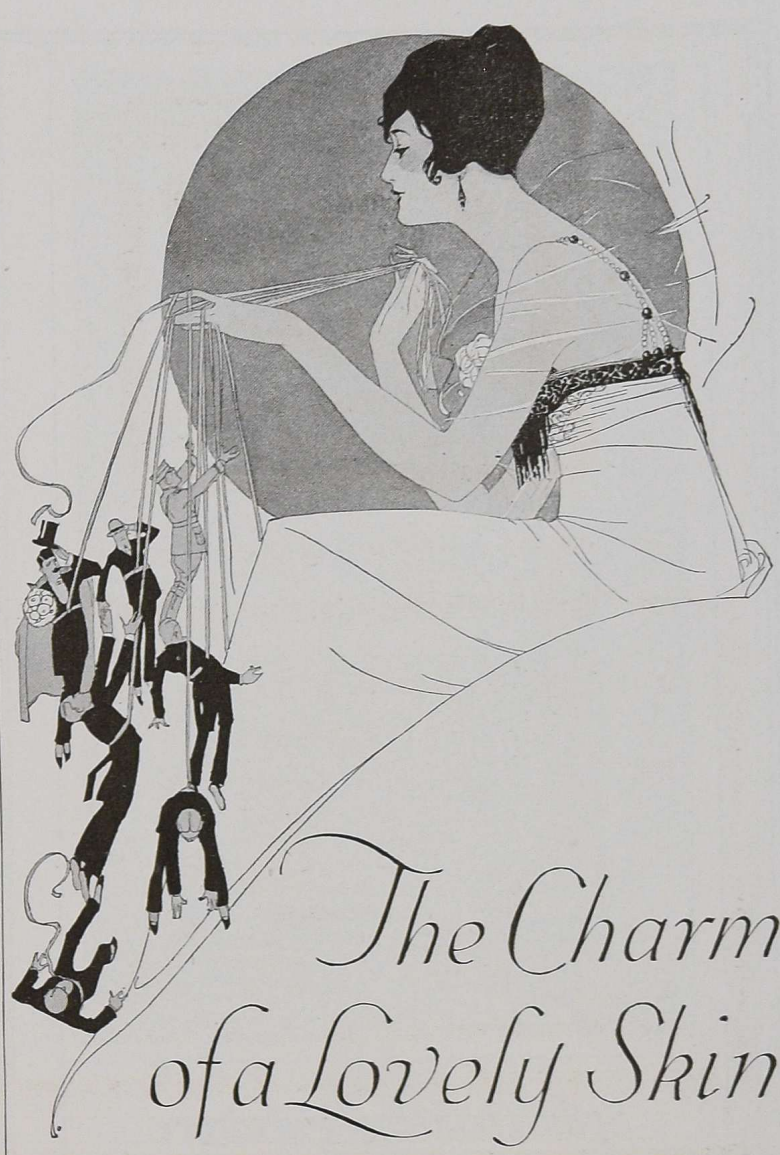
"At first and for many months the children had nothing to lie upon but straw, but after a while some good-hearted people brought help to the little orphanage, which now has one hundred and forty-two orphans. Every one is doing his best to help the priest and the nuns. Even the British soldiers, who have a camp quite close by, give the children every day a part of their dinners and many Tommies bring the jam and cakes they get for the little orphans of France and Belgium."

DOLLS TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS

An appeal was sent to America for dolls for these children last Christmas. Mrs. Bache undertook their collection and the transportation of them to the orphanage at Calais. The 142 little French girls in the convent, who had only two dolls among all of them, were, when this movement was finished, provided with plenty of them. Of this the Countess wrote: "When I entered the orphanage convent with the boxes full of dolls, the children had no idea of what I was bringing. They all rushed up to me and said, 'Good morning,' wondering what the boxes were for. My wish was to take the name of each donor and the name of the child who received her doll so that those who gave would know, but it was impossible. When I opened the boxes to take out the dolls all the children were so anxious each to have one that I had to give it up and the only thing we could do was to take the photographs of small groups of children with their dolls."

Mrs. Bache has recently gone to France herself to see personally all the happiness that the American branch of the War Babies' Cradle has been

(*Continued on page 88*)



The Charm of a Lovely Skin

You can dispense with that expensive variety of lotions and skin foods—one cream will answer all purposes and that is Crême de Meridor.

In the morning after the bath, during the day between engagements, at night after the evening's pleasure—Crême de Meridor should be faithfully applied. It keeps the skin glowing and healthy, smooth as ivory! It's a "day" cream and a "night" cream in one, and being greaseless it is easily applied.

Eradicate those tell-tale wrinkles at the eyes, those folds below the chin, free your skin from blackheads and blemish—it's the easiest thing in the world with Crême de Meridor.

Write for a free sample or send 40c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crême de Meridor.

Lazell PERFUMER
Newburgh-on-the-Hudson
Dept. 2-M
NEW YORK

Span-Umbrian Furniture

A CHARMING feature of Span-Umbrian Furniture is the soft, rich tone of the wood, as if mellowed by time. It blends readily with any decorative scheme.

Furniture of dignity and refinement, liveable and homelike, with an air of solid comfort, for living room, bedroom, dining room or hall.

The history of this interesting furniture with illustrations of the various pieces and their uses is told in our booklet "The Story of Span-Umbrian Furniture." Send 25 cents for a copy. If your dealer does not carry Berkey & Gay Furniture, write us.

THIS SHOP MARK

is inlaid in every genuine Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride thereafter

BERKEY & GAY
FURNITURE COMPANY

450 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A new and comprehensive exhibit comprising thousands of pieces of Berkey & Gay furniture may be seen at our New York showrooms, 113-119 West 40th St., or at Grand Rapids. Visitors should be accompanied by, or have a letter of introduction from, their furniture dealer.

WAR SUBSTITUTES FOR A MOTHER

(*Continued from page 87*)

able to bring to the orphans in the convent and to the soldiers' wives, most of whom live in that part of the country called the Pas de Calais. There have been terrific bombardments since the dolls went across and many a little toddler in the street, who has been unable to get to the Cave de Secours in time, has had an arm torn off or has gone to fill one of those little white-crossed graves with which France is sown so thick.

Now the bombardments are over, but the poverty is not. There are just as many orphans and they are almost as hungry as they were back in 1916. A little gift brings such a lot of gratitude. Letters pour in from the children who have been made happier or more comfortable through The War Babies' Cradle. The Countess of Hemptienne sent these letters, received among so many others, that those in America might realize how simple are the things that bring great joy.

Fort Nieuley.

My dear Madame:

What joy to return home this morning with the beautiful gift, which comes from your good heart so far away. A thousand thanks and I want to tell you that it was a book full of lovely pictures. Many kisses.

Jeanne Bouclet.

Dearest Lady:

I am sending this little letter to thank you for the little toys you sent and the little stockings. I thank you a thousand times, Madame, for your kind heart. Keep, Madame, my gratefullest thanks.

Louise Clayman.

The fear of all those in charge of war charities to-day is the fear of the W. B. C.—that since the war is at an end, released from anxiety, America may forget to give as generously as before.

What do you think? . . . And by the way, wouldn't it be rather practical and typically American to think with your check-book? Cheques or contributions may be made to Mrs. Jules H. Bache, Treasurer of War Babies' Cradle, 42 Broadway, New York.

FRENCH FABRICS

(*Continued from page 57*)

left is one of the new striking foulards which, owing to the softness of its colouring, is very pleasing despite the size of its pattern. The design is blue printed on a very soft grey ground. At the right of this is a queer little old-fashioned taffeta which could be made up into the loveliest of frocks for a young girl or even for just the right sort of elderly lady. Its ground is creamy white crossed with very fine bars of black and crossed again with larger wider bars of mauve. In the squares thus formed little mauve and blue flowers are placed precisely. A curious brocade from Paris which has been named "Triomphe" is shown at the right of this. It is vivid in colour, as one may well imagine from its striking design of elephants and tigers. Vivid in colour also is the black satin with blocks of a dull orange yellow scattered through it which is pictured at the right and a little above. It is in distinct contrast to the dark blue foulard with many tiny rose coloured roses inscribed with geometric precision over its surface, sketched just below. Typical of the new Persian note is the printed surah of very soft and beautiful colours sketched at the extreme right.

The two photographs at the left on page 59 show selections from the importations of B. Altman and Company. At the extreme left is a navy blue printed chiffon which is interesting principally because of the very beautiful way in which the pattern has been worked out. Little green sprays are scattered all over its surface, and entirely separated from them are purple and blue plums of a size which could never have grown on sprays so small and fragile. The other photograph shows a printed crêpe de Chine in which one sees again the eastern influence. The white ground of this material is so well covered that one scarcely sees it, and the tones in which the design is worked out are lovely soft blues, yellows, and reds.

Embroidery will play a more important part than ever in the gowns of spring and summer. It will still be placed on both the corsage and the skirt and will recall Chinese embroideries of exotically coloured corals on a background of dark blue, black, or grey silk. This type of embroidery is being worn now and has already been seen for several seasons. Embroidered braids will be seen again on linen gowns and will be wide or narrow, as the case may be. A braid of this kind will be embroidered with red or blue wool, with sometimes both shades used together, and it will be used at the hem of skirts or following the lines of the waist. There will be aprons all of wool embroidery, but the greatest novelty will be linen or cotton frocks embroidered with silver and gold threads mingled with coloured silk ones. Organdie dresses will be embroidered either with big Chinese flowers in violent colours, or with little multicoloured dots of black, blue, red, or yellow, very small and scattered equally over the surface. This mode instantly recalls the frilled frocks of the type worn at least forty years ago and made of stuff called "tarlatan"; and now we shall have the same idea carried out in organdie.

NEW TRIMMINGS FOR SPRING

For woollen frocks there has never been so much embroidery. Some designs imitate *point de Hongrie*, with lance-shaped patterns in mingled colours. These embroideries are used chiefly for cuffs, revers, aprons, and in bands at the sides. For evening gowns we are adopting the little fringes of diamonds mixed with coloured beads. For example, on a chemise gown of silver, the material is embroidered with what looks like a rain of beads in blue, red, crystal, and yellow. There are many little fringes of tiny beads mixed with silk, used almost like a sort of embroidery, but the elegance of fringe depends upon the choice of the stuff it trims. Small fringe with silk jersey will be a particularly smart fashion for the coming season.

A circlet of rubies and earrings and an ornament of platinum and diamonds were the exquisite jewels worn by a dark-haired woman at the Carnaval de Victoire

NEW YORK FROCKS *and* FESTIVITIES

(*Continued from page 51*)

superimposed layers of chiffon for the skirt and the simplest of blouses, sleeved or unsleeved as the case may be. The only really new thing about them is the advent of the sash of contrasting colour, very wide and very soft and usually tied over one hip. An interesting frock worn at the dance which has just been mentioned was of orchid coloured chiffon with a belt of a curious shade of red, and its wearer wore shoes and stockings of the same colour. Although this combination sounds rather dreadful, as a matter of fact it was charming.

FOR FREE MILK FOR FRANCE

The dances given in the grill-room of the Lorraine for the benefit of the Free Milk for France Fund have been very successful. On the opening evening many people came from the opera and the theatres, and all the tables were taken. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, whose enthusiasm can always be counted upon when dancing is concerned, was present wearing a frock of old-blue chiffon which outdid even Paris in its shortness. This is one of the few instances in which an American woman has adopted the extremely short gown which Paris is sponsoring. Dance frocks continue to be cut comfortably short, but as yet there is no marked tendency to curtail their length, and street frocks remain much as they have been, coming nearly to the ankle. The really smart woman, with a few notable exceptions, has not taken to the extremely long gown which some of the New York dressmakers sponsored this season, but neither has she gone in for extravagant shortness. About ankle-length is the skirt of the average smart New York woman of medium build. If she is very slender or very young, she probably has it shorter. In cases where a French model is adopted outright, a bit of camouflage is sometimes introduced to conceal its abbreviation, as in the case of a model worn recently by Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, which had doubtless been lengthened by a bit of tulle at the bottom. The gown was of terra cotta velours with several flounces on the skirt which did not, however, completely encircle it, but left plain panels at the side. With this frock Mrs. Vanderbilt wore a hat of brown satin embroidered in curious Chinese motifs.

SOME DISTINCTIVE COSTUMES

At the Lorraine dance, one of the most attractive gowns of the evening was worn by Mrs. Craig Biddle. It was of black satin fashioned with interesting loose bands which crossed the upper arm and suggested sleeves, but left the entire shoulder free. This arrangement is very becoming to the woman who has broad shoulders and who does not find the entirely bare arm becoming. Mrs. Biddle's only jewels were diamond earrings and a very wonderful necklace of diamonds, which she has worn quite a bit this season. An interesting coiffure was adopted by a young dark-haired woman on this same occasion. Her hair was divided into two parts in a parting directly in the middle, across the top and down the back of the head, and on each side it was bound into two Gretchen knots held in place by a bandeau of pearls and diamonds.

Many of the parties at the Lorraine dance came from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakoff's fantasy which always draws a smart crowd at the Metropolitan. It was at this performance that Mrs. E. H. Harriman wore a lovely wrap which had an upper portion of black velvet to which was attached a beautiful black and silver chiffon brocade. Mrs. Vincent Astor, who has but recently returned from her work in France, was hostess in the Astor box, and during the evening was the subject of not a little attention from the audience. She wore a simple dark gown with a black velvet wrap edged with silver fox, and her jewels consisted of pearls.

JEWELS IN THE HAIR

A number of jewels were worn in the hair, and among the most interesting was the coronet seen on an Englishwoman who had her coiffure arranged in a high pointed knot accentuating the delicate oval of her face. This head-dress combined with a gown of black tulle and a great black feather fan produced an ensemble of unusual distinction. At present one seldom sees smart jewels in sets, but the exception to this rule were the jewels worn by a graceful woman at the Carnaval de Victoire at the Ritz. She wore an exquisite and delicately wrought circular ornament of platinum and diamonds hung from a link chain, also of platinum and diamonds. The design of this ornament was repeated in the earrings which were also circular and hung on a diamond and platinum chain. About her dark coiffure was a circlet of rubies.

The true secret of charm in jewellery, as in everything else, lies in the matter of individuality and appropriateness. A very interesting use of coloured stones was evidenced recently in a costume worn by Mrs. Craig Biddle. With a dress and coat of garnet coloured cloth and a hat of exactly the same shade, she wore about her neck a close necklace of garnets quite large in front and graduating to medium size at the back. With her very dark hair and clear olive skin the effect was charming. Emeralds, too, are very lovely on a dark-haired woman. They are particularly lovely with white, as was illustrated in the stage costume worn by Mary Garden in the title rôle of "Gismonda."

BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
between 49th and 50th Sts.
NEW YORK
Importers Creators

Paris Models
Original Creations
Embodying the elegant simplicity typical of Bergdorf-Goodman Clothes, refreshingly new and individual in treatment

SUITS ~ COATS ~ CAPES
TAILORED STREET FROCKS
DAY AND EVENING GOWNS
TRAVEL AND SPORTS COSTUMES

McCutcheon's
New Dress Cottons
for Spring, 1919

Reg. Trade Mark

OUR showing of Dress Cottons for Spring, 1919, embraces the newest textiles, designs and color combinations from France, Switzerland, Great Britain and our own country.

English Prints

We would call especial attention to a fabric entirely new to this country, "English Prints," made for and sold exclusively in the United States by James McCutcheon & Co. It is ideal for dresses for children, misses and grown ups. There are hundreds of quaint printed designs, in small and conventional effects, on white or tinted backgrounds. 32 inches wide. 95c yard.

Samples mailed on request

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., N. Y.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 59*)

always ready with a judgment that shall be sufficiently impressive to satisfy the most exacting moralist among his auditors.

"THE MARQUIS DE PRIOLA"

"The Marquis de Priola," which was first produced at the Théâtre Français in 1902, with the great actor Le Bargy in the title rôle, is regarded by French critics as one of the three greatest plays of Henri Lavedan, the other two being "Le Prince d'Aurec" (1892) and "Le Nouveau Jeu" (1898); and the American public is deeply indebted to Leo Ditrichstein for the privilege of witnessing so fine a composition in our commercial theatre.

It is easy enough to see that the main motive which impelled Mr. Ditrichstein to produce the play was his desire to appear before the public in the part created by Le Bargy, nearly twenty years ago. This desire was natural; and the ambition of Mr. Ditrichstein has been justified by the result. The present commentator has enjoyed the privilege of seeing both performances. Le Bargy's creation showed more levity than Mr. Ditrichstein's; but Mr. Ditrichstein excels his earlier competitor in grim sardonical intensity. Le Bargy was more witty, more suave, more graceful, and more brilliant; but Mr. Ditrichstein is more horribly repellant in the passages of tragic retribution.

The sinister figure of the Marquis de Priola is one of those great acting parts which are destined to keep a play upon the boards recurrently because of their appeal to the natural ambitions of actor after actor. In this respect, the character is similar in quality to that of the Baron Chevrial, which was made forever famous on our stage by Richard Mansfield, though this fascinating part appeared in a conventional and easily forgotten play by Octave Feuillet, entitled "A Parisian Romance." Leo Ditrichstein is not, by any means, another Richard Mansfield; but, in depicting the Marquis de Priola, he approaches much more nearly the high point set by Mansfield for this eccentric kind of characterization than any other actor who has trod our stage since Richard Mansfield died.

In "The Marquis de Priola," M. Lavedan, according to his custom, has set forth "a painting, an ideal, and a judgment." The painting is a portrait of a man so absolutely wicked that his own creator felt constrained to account for his obliquity of character as an inheritance from a long line of malevolent progenitors dating from the Renaissance. This Marquis—to state the matter seriously in a phrase that is popularly current in American slang—is a devil among women. By his very nature, he has been heart-free from birth; and his experience has merely hardened him to a mood of philosophic cynicism. Though actuated evermore by the inherited instinct of the moth to flutter wings against a flame, he has escaped from the singeing of innumerable candles by his implanted ability to laugh aloud at a moment a little antecedent to the point when his adventures turn to tragedy.

This is the "painting" that is hung up for inspection in "The Marquis de Priola." The "ideal" is suggested by the process of negation. The author easily persuades us that his own ideal of manhood is at all points antithetic to this tremendous monument of evil that is permitted to strut and fret its hour on the stage. Through the medium of a fresh and pure young mind—the mind of Pierre Morain, a foster-son of the Marquis de Priola, who turns out later to be his natural son—we are permitted to observe the Marquis as this incarnate devil really looks to Lavedan himself.

The plot of the play is planned for the purpose of exhibiting the great philanderer in action; and the public is permitted, so to speak, to look and listen through a keyhole while the Marquis simultaneously carries on his elaborate efforts to subjugate three women of three very different types,—one of whom is his former wife, now comfortably married to another husband. In the end, the Marquis is defeated by the very intricacy of his own devices.

The "judgment" comes when the Marquis de Priola is punished, after due forewarning, with paralysis, as an inescapable result of his past carelessness of the laws of reasonable living. No finer feat of physical acting has been shown upon our stage for many years than the histrionic moment when Mr. Ditrichstein is stricken tumbling to the floor at the conclusion of this play. This great moment, also, is foreshadowed finely, at the conclusion of the penultimate act, when the Marquis is suddenly afflicted with a partial and premonitory paralysis of the right arm, which ever afterwards hangs limp and shrunken from the shoulder of the actor. Mr. Ditrichstein has depicted these effects with such extreme adroitness that his performance, while detracting not at all from the moral purpose of the author, persuades us to applaud the wicked Marquis for his consistent villainy until the bitter end, and for his gallantry displayed in a last and losing battle against the inevitable sentence of moral retribution.

"THE CLIMAX"

"The Climax," by Edward Locke, is a pleasing little play, wherein familiar material is at many moments made real by imagination. The theme of the story is a reversal of the theme of "Trilby"; for the villainous Svengali has been replaced by a highly moral hypnotist who exerts his power to prevent the heroine from singing instead of to make her sing.

A young girl named Adelina Van Hagen (her name used to be "von Hagen" back in 1909) is gifted with a remarkable singing voice. She is studying for grand opera under the tutelage of an elderly singing teacher named Luigi Golfanti. She is beloved by her teacher's son, Pietro, who composes music under the inspiration of her singing, and by a young doctor, named John Raymond, who has grown up with her in a small town in Ohio. But her heart is set entirely on her career; she loves her singing too much to love either of her suitors. Raymond is a man of narrow and conventional ideas. He considers a professional career exceedingly dangerous to the character of any girl and seeks by every means to dissuade Adelina from her ambition. She undergoes a simple operation on her vocal chords in order that her voice may be perfected,—an operation that has been known to fail only one time in a thousand. But Dr. Raymond, who assists a colleague in the operation, contrives by "mental suggestion" to convince the girl that she has lost her voice and can no longer sing. In despair she relinquishes her ambitious hopes of a career; and after many months she agrees to marry Raymond. On the morning of the wedding day—the inhibitive "mental suggestion" having meanwhile become abated—she suddenly recovers the use of her voice. Raymond confesses his deceit and his honourable motive for it. Her thought at the moment is all for singing, and she dismisses her too conscientious lover;

(*Continued on page 91*)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 90*)

but there seems to be a prospect, with which the critical observer can hardly sympathize, that she may recall him and marry him a little later on.

The material of this play, which might have been developed fully in a single act, is stretched out to cover three; and the piece is therefore frequently thin in substance and slow in action. At several moments it is crude and amateurish; and this fact is not surprising when we remember that "The Climax" was the first play by Edward Locke that was shown behind the footlights. But the characters are clearly realized, and many incidental details are humanly imagined. The lines are not especially well written; but the mood of the entire piece is simple, earnest, and sincere; and the play, despite its crudities, is good, because the author, as he wrote it, was obviously thinking more of life than of the theatre. Technically, the most noteworthy feature of the play is the use of incidental music for a serious dramatic purpose. This music, composed by Joseph Carl Breil, is entirely adequate to the occasion and adds materially to the satisfactory effect of the piece as a whole.

"The Climax" was first produced in 1909, at Weber's Theatre, which has long since been abandoned. Despite the slightness of the fabric, it survives the test of a revival much better than this test could be endured by many a more noisy drama that dates from the transitional period of a decade ago.

"The Climax" was the first full-length play that was presented in America with a cast restricted to only four characters, though in later and more economic seasons an experimental stringency has more than once reduced the number of the actors to three, or even two. The original cast was composed of Albert Bruning, Effingham Pinto, William Lewers, and Lenora Watson. Only one of this original quartette, Mr. Pinto, appears in the present revival of the play. The ten years that have passed have not added at all to the apparent age of this fiery young actor; and his present performance of Pietro is easily the hit of the piece. Walter Wilson exhibits a carefully laborious imitation of Mr. Bruning's original performance of the elderly professor. Roy Walling, in the part of Dr. Raymond, is far inferior to the well remembered Mr. Lewers in charm and personal distinction. Eleanor Painter sings more skillfully than Lenora Watson; but her acting is not so natural and simple. The main managerial reason for reviving "The Climax" was to provide Miss Painter with a dramatic vehicle; but, much of the time when she is acting, the critical observer desires ardently that she should sing instead. Her singing voice is beautiful, and she uses it with trained ability.

"CAPPY RICKS"

"Cappy Ricks" may justly be described as a poor play but an amusing entertainment. It was derived by an experienced dramatic carpenter, Edward E. Rose, from a series of stories by Peter B. Kyne, originally published in the *"Saturday Evening Post."* Mr. Kyne drew faithfully the characters of many quaint figures observed from life along the San Francisco waterfront; Mr. Rose has reduced these lifelike characters to mere theatric puppets; but the puppets of Mr. Rose have been revivified and provided with a second incarnation by the actors. The process is circuitous and technically interesting.

The piece has a plot, but this plot is entirely traditional. It has a love-story, but this love-story is so conventional that it may be pigeon-holed with some such label as "Type 37." Mr. Rose's play, in fact, is so mechanical that nobody would listen to it, except for the fact that the actors frequently take the stage away from the playwright and leap over his head to fall into the arms of Mr. Kyne. To the average audience, it doesn't matter very much if the plot of a play be dull, or even foolish, if only the actors can contrive to "come alive," as children say, and to exhibit living characters behind the footlights.

That ample actor, Tom A. Wise, unctuously gathers the theatre-going public to his heart by his impersonation of the frequently irascible yet always amiable Alden P. Ricks, called "Cappy" by every longshoreman of the San Francisco waterfront. The play is poor; the part, considered technically, is not consistently imagined nor well written; yet Mr. Wise has managed somehow to project the image of a living character and to refute once more the current adage that "nobody loves a fat man." William Courtenay is afforded fewer opportunities to score with the audience, because his part is even more conventional and false than the part assigned to Mr. Wise; yet he manages to seem plausible and almost natural in his depiction of the silly sort of strong-armed hero that has long been loved in melodrama.

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

"Up in Mabel's Room," by Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach, is another poor play that has apparently achieved a popular success; but, in this case, the reason for the plaudits of the public is less difficult to understand. The average person easily enjoys this farce for the simple and subconscious reason that he has enjoyed the same sort of thing so many times before. The authors have merely repeated the familiar Palais Royal formula. They begin with a bed. Then, at moments calculated carefully to be embarrassing, they plant the wrong people in, under, and upon this bed, and thereby start a series of alarums and excursions.

The authors have also employed that other ancient pattern by which amusement is derived from the passing of a certain object from one hand to another throughout the entire cast of characters while this elusive object is being desperately chased by the people who have successively lost hold of it. These two devices have always been funny in farce; and that is the main reason why they are funny still.

There is no reason for narrating the particular story that is told in "Up in Mabel's Room." It may quickly be described, as "a theme with variations." The piece owes its popular success to the fact that it is excellently acted and carefully staged. The cast contains such skilled performers of farce as John Cumberland and Walter Jones. Some day or other, Mr. Cumberland ought to write a solemn treatise on "Life as It Looks from Under a Bed"; for, in recent years, he has been afforded more frequent opportunities for squinting at experience from this uncustomary point of view than any other living man.

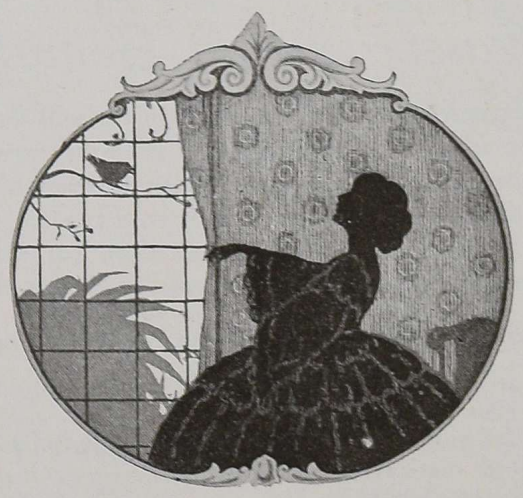
The female members of the cast, among them being Hazel Dawn, are personable; the scenic decorations are pleasing to the eye; and the stage-direction, for which Betram Harrison is responsible, is unusually skilful. It is undoubtedly to Mr. Harrison that the public is indebted for the atmosphere of good taste which pervades an exhibition which, under other auspices than his, might easily have been tinged with a regrettable vulgarity.

Fashion Winters in New Orleans

AND Spring is welcomed by America's first peep at the new and smart things in correct dress for women.

The Gus Mayer Co.'s reputation for quality merchandise and style correctness has earned and maintained an all-Southern prestige that is rapidly becoming Nation wide.

Winter visitors to New Orleans and returning Florida and California sojourners will find now on display an anticipation of early Spring modes which will not reach the Northern and Eastern shops till the first robins sing in late April or May.



Gus Mayer Co. Ltd.

NEW ORLEANS

DeBevoise

Brassieres that Beautify

A well made, *properly fitting* brassiere will beautify the lines of your figure, the fit of your gowns—your entire appearance—while contributing unspeakably to your comfort and health. Only—select your brassieres for their *fit and effect on your figure* rather than for their showy appearance in the store's showcase. "The *fit's* the thing!"

Ask your merchant for the "debb-e-voice"

There are dainty DEBEVOISE brassieres specially designed to give *your* type of figure stylish contour, correct support and a perfect gown foundation. The DEBEVOISE is *guaranteed best* in fit and effect—in materials, workmanship and wear. It not only fits best when new, but is so designed and tailored as to *retain* its perfect shaping after long wear and repeated launderings. 50c, 75c and $1.00 up to $5.00 the garment and higher, at good stores everywhere. Shun so-called substitutes.

CHAS. R. DEBEVOISE CO., NEWARK, N. J.
World's Oldest and Largest Brassiere Specialists

INSIST on DeBevoise Brassière *this label*

George Washington in Paris

(*Continued from page 73*)

Kingdoms and other affairs. Bated at the Amenonville Chateau, where there was a great press of ladies, who saluted me as Mr. Franklin. To the Peace Table at Six, where a great dinner was served by the Fr. legatees, which we quit about sunrise, when the Danish Ambassador, De Blatz, said he thought —not so much of the Balance of Power as of the Power of Balance. To bed and meditated on the affairs of the day."

And so goes the chronicle of this important epoch. Under date of November 4th, I find two stimulating items, as follows:

"Note. Not to forget that I bought this day from Compt De Blatz, two dogs (French) Vulcan and Venus. Never have I up to this time experienced in my life, the lack of money, which I must admit now seriously discommodes me."

IT was probably this very lack of money which terminated the visit of the illustrious American to the French capital. Communications with home consisted entirely of sailing vessels, which were slow, and the Compagnie Generale des Colombiers Trans-Atlantiques (Transatlantic Carrier-Pigeon Company), which was uncertain. Washington found himself seriously embarrassed by lack of funds. The fact that he was popularly understood to be Benjamin Franklin made his position particularly desperate, for he was bound hand and foot by the thrifty maxims of the shrewd "Poor Richard," which he could not transgress by a hair's breadth without running the risk of exposing his real identity. Franklin's injunction—"Neither a borrower nor a lender be" had the Father of his Country crying for help.

An anecdote which my friend Bushrod has preserved and stubbornly vouches for states that toward the end of his visit Washington was preserved from chagrin by one of those subtle courtesies for which the French people have ever been justly famous. It was after a small dinner at Versailles which had been followed by a court entertainment at which the American had undertaken to teach the Comte de Vergennes the Revolutionary game of stud-poker. As always, the beginner won and to square accounts Washington paid him with his last hundred franc note, receiving in change a few coppers and a single franc piece so obviously spurious that the General eyed it curiously. He was too much of a gentleman to protest but, weighing the coin reflectively in his hand, he remarked casually, "So this . . . so this is the Latin Quarter."

Amid the uproar of laughter which followed, Washington's delicacy was not overlooked. When he reached his lodgings on the Quai Voltaire that night he found on his escritoire a maple box (the same Bushrod vows, which held the diary), securely locked. Curiosity did its work, as intended, and when, with the hour of the *petit dejeuner*, the Comte de Vergennes called next morning to pay his respects, Washington was found standing entranced before the opened box which was filled to the brim with golden Louis, *not one of which was counterfeit!*

"Name of name!" cried the Comte in mock surprise. "She is open, the box! What were your openers?"

And again Washington rose superbly to the occasion by pulling some of his old stuff.

"I cannot tell a lie," he said, "I did it with my little hatchet!"

A few days later he sailed for Philadelphia on the Packet "Prickly Heat," which landed him safely in port in ample time to change his wig and reach the polls to vote for himself.

THIS is the briefest possible resumé of a very remarkable chapter of American history. It brings up the inevitable comparison with the only other President who has ever gotten off his beat, and ventured to match wits—not to say, nickels—with foreign diplomats. That he will get away with it, just as G. W. did, I do not doubt. But if there are hitches and discouragements let our present illustrious representative console himself with the thought that putting across a diplomatic deal is a very hard thing to do,—without a make-up!

Open Season for Banquets

(*Continued from page 63*)

ately following the bivalves came battalions of bottles so discreetly draped that I have never been exactly certain what they contained. In fact, the dinner from then on, was marked by a certain confusion.

THE Honorable Tom Murray, of Hackensack, who sat on my right, turned out to be a most engaging person with the sweetest tenor voice I have ever heard. General Kelly sang a fairly good bass and as I am somewhat vocal myself, we got on famously, except when Peter would insist on adding his execrable tones to the combination. As we gradually worked our way through the courses, however, Peter's voice improved noticeably. I suppose it needed warming up.

But the Hon. Tom was our star performer, and I remember confiding to Peter that I thought it a shame that such a magnificent voice should not be made a public asset like McCormick's, to which remark Peter had winked wisely and observed—"Say, with what that boy makes selling sewer-pipe to the city, this here-now McCormick is a piker." Imagine it! I sang with renewed fervor and respect. It was, I suppose, at just about this time that my good resolutions were arriving in Angelhurst, N. Y., on the 9:22 Stamford local.

But there! Why repine? Confession is good for the soul, and besides I had to stay and look after Peter. The speeches were simply glorious, so patriotic and so loud and everything. There was one very famous Irish orator there who made nearly everybody cry and then brought us all to our feet by showing with tremendous clearness how Lincoln had been the Father and Originator of the Royal Bengal Braves. It was one of the most magnificent moments of my life.

And then the tables began to get all mixed up, and visiting delegations prowled about glass-in-hand and I was introduced to practically everyone in the city of any importance. I did not get many of the names at the time, for we had reached the informal stage when it was "George, meet Mike," and we let it go at that. But I have saved the handsomely printed list of guests and I like to look it over and think that I know them all.

WE had quite a serious time in getting away because a Judge something-or-other draped himself around my neck and murmured over and over that he "had lost his cat and hoat." It was ten minutes before we could understand what he meant, for he kept insisting that it was a "soft, brown cat,"

Open Season for Banquets

(*Continued from page 92*)

which seemed reasonable, though why the Judge should have brought his pet to the banquet, we could not understand. The house-detective finally took up the white man's burden and we parked the Judge in his care, glad to escape to the cool outer-air of the Avenue.

But O! the morrow! the cold, gray morrow—dark day of penitence and sorrow—with what shivering depression did I remove three broken cigars and a crumpled place-card from the pocket of my evening harness. What were those thumb-prints on my shirt-front? Ah, yes—I remember, Peter had founded a new club, "the Puddin-head Wilson Club," and we had been initiating each other.

I seemed to hear a chuckle of suppressed laughter. Could it have come from my errant resolutions, waiting, bless their hearts, to take repossession of their abandoned Temple? With the shock of the cold shower, they seemed to inhabit me again. During the brisk walk to my office, they one by one joined me on the various street corners, and two days of righteous living so far established their confidence that they are in their old quarters once more, with a vacancy clause in the lease enabling the tenants to move out at a minute's notice.

Shall I ever go to a banquet again? I don't know. Just now there is on my desk an invitation from the Academy of Arts and Sciences. Beneath the formal program is added a delightfully clubby statement: "Covers will be arranged for ladies and gentlemen."

It sounds rather alluring. I wonder what I will draw!

A War Wedding

By John Jay Chapman

THE dreamy earth is flooded o'er
With warm and hazy light,—
September's latest boon, before
She feels the hoar-frost in the night,
And, pausing with a sober frown,
Nips the last floweret from her summer crown.

BUT who are these upon the rising ground
Where the old grave-yard guards the vale,
Who talk in whispers clustering round
The old stone church, where teams are found
With horses tethered to the rail,
And village lads and farmers at the gate?
Surely some funeral of state;—
So reverently they stand without a sound,
So decently they wait.

AND now the organ mutters and a hymn
Floats in the elm-tops. From the doors, thrown wide,
Issue, as radiant as the seraphim,
A handsome lad in khaki and his bride.
And next behind the happy pair
The Captain-cousin and best man
Walks with a martial, business air,
Heading the merry-moving van
Of half-grown girls with ribboned hair,—
Bridesmaids or sisters,—and a few
Odd, wholesome, savage boys;
(And if a waistcoat is askew,
A mother adds a touch or two
To give the victim equipoise.)

NEIGHBORS mingle, chat and pass:
The father proud, the adoring friend,
The Domine, the farmer's lass,—
The village life from end to end,—
With happiness on every face.
And something sacred and benign
Out of these faces seems to shine:
Some god is in the place.

METHINKS I see him! one we used to know
E'er sorrow overspread the land,
The god we met on every hand
And worshipped long ago.
Ah, mark him, there before the rest!
The youngster in the azure vest
And tunic white as snow.
See the late, tiny rosebuds round his brow,
See on his forehead the clear, pointed flame,
While from his torch the sparklets blow
Kindling all hearts that follow in his train.
It's Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, come again!

Marie Earle

279 RUE ST. HONORE
PARIS

THE MARIE EARLE TOILET PREPARATIONS have been used for the last eleven years by well known American women of social prominence who kindly permit their names to be mentioned in the Marie Earle booklet. Such unhesitating guarantees as to the excellence of the Marie Earle Preparations are as remarkable as they are unusual.

A Booklet will be forwarded on request

Creme Anti-Rides

A skin food for dry skins, unrivalled for cleansing, nourishing and beautifying the complexion. Will smooth and soften the roughest skin.

Emulsion de Concombres

A cooling, whitening and freshening emulsion.

Huile Stimulante

Stimulates the circulation and clears the skin, imparting a soft glow. Used with Creme Anti-Rides.

Lait D'Amandes

A skin tonic for invigorating and nourishing the skin. Excellent for the skin of children.

The Marie Earle Preparations are Obtainable from

B. ALTMAN & CO.
STERN BROS.
New York
THE WHITE HOUSE
THE CITY OF PARIS
San Francisco, Cal.
JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
O'MALLEY'S
Syracuse, N.Y.
JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

MARIE EARLE 30 East 57th St. NEW YORK

Hair Beauty

must be insured by the Quality of aid you give it. This implies but one course—faithful use of

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

This, the original Eau de Quinine, is nature's true aid in restoring youthful lustre to the hair. Use it with confidence in its safety and certainty. Safe because of Quality. Certain because it contains elements for removing dandruff and imparting hair beauty—it contains nothing else, except a delightful fragrance.

It is a fact that ED. PINAUD'S "Imparts to hair a beauty rare."

Special Offer: For 10c a testing bottle sent anywhere, together with a sample of our exquisite new Parisian Extract "Campeador."

Write our American Offices today.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
ED. PINAUD Bldg., Dept. 76, New York

NAIAD
Dress Shields

NEARLY every woman knows the true economy and perfect cleanliness of Naiad Dress Shields. They can be washed and ironed and always look new. They are easy to attach and detach. They give perfect protection to blouse or gown. Containing no rubber, they are slow to wear, are odorless and sanitary. Quickly sterilized by dropping them in boiling water for a few seconds.

Made in all styles and sizes. Your dressmaker knows—ask her.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Send for illustrated price list "C".

C. E. CONOVER & CO.
101 Franklin Street, New York

The crowning attribute of lovely woman is cleanliness

for Dainty Women

O'CONNOR & GOLDBERG
EST. SHOES 1903

OG SHOES

OG SHOES

The O-G
Pierrot Pump

—in black satin at - - $10.00
—in black mat kid at - $11.00
—in white kid at - - $12.00

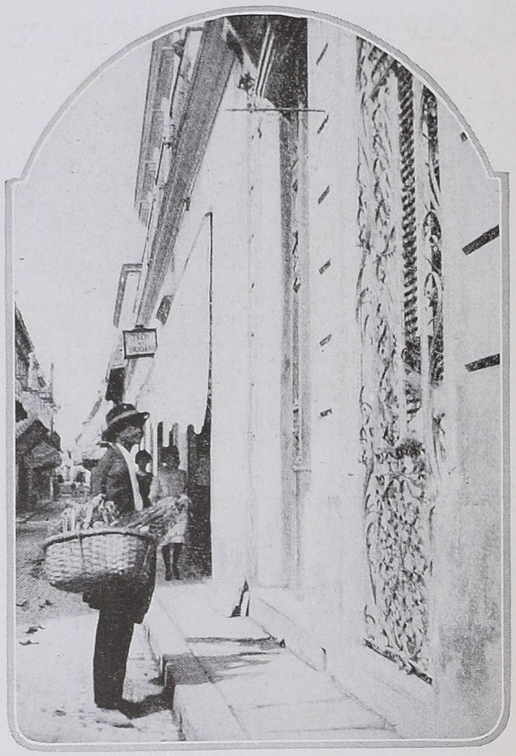
They are hand stitched and bench made.

Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

O'CONNOR & GOLDBERG
(Style Creators since 1903)

Address for Out-of-Town Orders:
REPUBLIC BUILDING, CHICAGO

SEVEN O-G STORES IN CHICAGO



Photographs by Edith S. Watson

"Pst,"—and the vendor of herbs is standing beneath the window calling attention to his baskets of roots and leaves

SHOPS THAT COME *to* YOUR WINDOW

(*Continued from page 55*)

as to the value of his wares. To be sure, these wares would find little popularity among northerners, but in Cuba, where highly seasoned food is relished, the vendor of these roots and leaves is certain to make a good living.

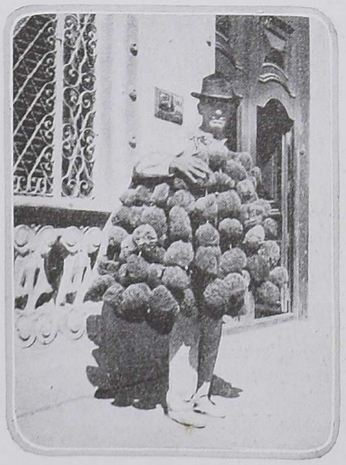
But the visitor would do well to make his first purchase from a vendor of baskets, since he will need a basket to carry home whatever else he buys. He will find them in all sizes and all colours, these native baskets made of wild palmetto leaves bleached white, stripped into "strings" of even length, plaited into shape, and often dyed in fancy patterns. Some of them are very gorgeous—indeed, one may pay as much as twenty-five cents if one would have the very finest. And so popular are they, so necessary, in fact, that however heavily laden the basket vendor may be when he begins his rounds in the early morning, he has little difficulty in disposing of his stock by night.

Once one is prepared with an ample basket, one may shop to one's heart's content. There are vendors of tropical fruits and vegetables, others with small fish, freshly brought from the reefs outside of Morro, and still others laden with sponges from the sponge "grounds" for which Cuba is famous. The Cuban finds many uses for these sponges, and the vendor who sells them is apt to start out so laden with sponges that from a distance one might think he was enveloped in a military cape.

THE "BIRDMAN" OF CUBA

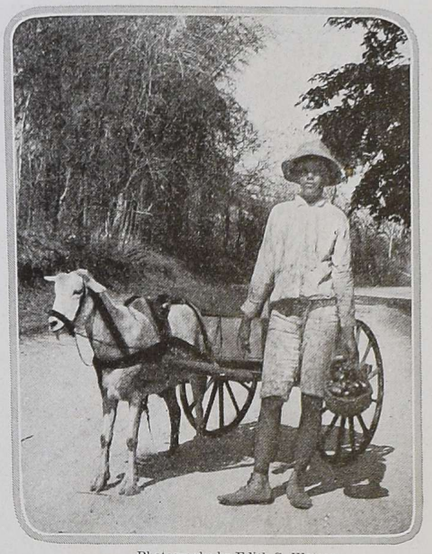
After all, sponges may be had in other lands—but where else can one find a vendor of birds and marmosets? They are often seen in Cuba, carrying shining goldfinches, banana birds, brilliant parrots, and birds of darker plumage. For the Cuban is a great lover of birds. Every patio, shop, and balcony has its bird-cage holding one or

(*Continued on page 95*)



Covered with his light-weight wares as with a cape, the vendor of sponges never fails to find customers

One can never have too many baskets in Cuba where they are sold on the sunny white streets



Photographs by Edith S. Watson

Little carts are hitched to goats in Cuba, just as in Belgium and old Quebec they are drawn by dogs

SHOPS THAT COME *to* YOUR WINDOW

(*Continued from page 94*)

more little captives that have become tame in the hours their owner spends daily feeding them and talking to them. And the "birdman" who brings them finds a welcome wherever he goes on the island.

THE VENDOR OF LACES AND LINENS

Dry goods, too, are sold by picturesque traveling vendors. The salesman carries his laces and linens and muslins on a long stick, or, perhaps, if he is very enterprising, brings them to the window or the patio in a push-cart. Think of the luxury of shopping at home, on a warm afternoon, far from the crowds of our busy shops, rocking comfortably in the patio and fanning oneself as the vendor displays his wares, most of which are imported from Spain or France or England. It is far too warm, in the early afternoon, to venture out of doors, and his coming offers a pleasant recreation. Is it any wonder that he finds a market for his laces and his silks?

When one meets a Cuban, booted and spurred, sitting astride a fiery steed, and wearing a Panama hat worth in the neighbourhood of fifty dollars, as likely as not one finds that he is the milkman. He carries his milk in cans and the jingle that they make in the pannier is the signal by which one knows he is approaching. And his appearance is always welcome, for in Cuba milk is scarce and difficult to get and, whatever happens, the Cuban must have milk for the many cups of coffee by which, he claims, he keeps malaria away.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS

Much of this coffee is brought into the market at Santiago from Oriente, the garden province of Cuba, by pack-horses carrying coffee-filled panniers. The horses come, heavily laden and in single file, over the mountain trails and down the splendid coral roads that lead from the edge of the mountains to the city. Not only coffee and cocoa are brought in this way, but also fruit, packed in smaller bags to prevent their being crushed in transit. They are carried at night to avoid the heat and to reach the market in the early morning when trade is always at its best in Cuba.

One buys one's laces and muslins from a convenient cart which is pushed beneath the grilled window

Thurn

ANNOUNCE

PARISIAN AND ORIGINAL FASHIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

15 EAST 52ND STREET
NEW YORK

214 BELLEVUE AVENUE
NEWPORT

Haas Brothers

producers of
Distinctive Dress Fabrics

Chippendale Foulards
Foulards of original design – exceptional quality

Kitten's Ear Crèpe
The Foremost contribution to fashionable silk fabrics

Trico Silks
Jersey weaves in plain and novelty effects

Paulette Chiffon
The chiffon with the beautiful mellow finish

Gloveskin Duvetyn
A featherweight Peach-bloom fabric

Chanella
The knitted wool novelty

Tricot Serge
A fine soft serge for suits and dresses

Cheruit Twill
An Ideal suiting
All name-registered fabrics

Into the designing and weaving of our fabrics, we put all the thought gained from years of experience—

Intending that the name—Haas Brothers—when associated with a fabric, shall express in the highest degree—quality and style correctness.

Haas Brothers fabrics may be seen at leading establishments.

417 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

COATS *and* SUITS

THE CREATION of rare and beautiful styles, in a large variety of the richest fabric colorings, comes naturally to the Master Artists and Designing Taileurs of the Kenyon Atelier.

WHEN THE MOMENT comes to make your choice, especially if you have been promising yourself a Kenyon garment, add to your own good taste and judgment, that of our Master Taileurs.

THE PICTURE ABOVE gives a peep into the charm of Kenyon styles. Upon request we will mail you a folder of the very latest models, with the name of the nearest Merchant who sells them.

ON SALE in the best shops of the United States and Canada, Kenyon coats, suits, dresses and raincoats may be distinctly recognized by a small label bearing our name.

NEW YORK
5TH AVENUE BUILDING
5TH AVE. AND 23RD ST.

C. KENYON COMPANY, Inc.

(Wholesale only)

NEW YORK

CHICAGO
CONGRESS AND
FRANKLIN STREETS

Columbia Grafonola

in Period designs

How joyously guests are welcomed, when beauty fills the home!

The superb records of Columbia artists place at your instant command the unrivaled charm of good music. The graceful loveliness expressed in the Grafonola Period Designs gives the added delight of artistic excellence in form and color.

The exquisite Period Model illustrated above is Chinese Chippendale. There are 26 other distinctive Columbia designs, expressing the individual beauty of every artistic period. Priced from $250 to $2100. Standard Models up to $300. A handsome illustrated catalog of Period Grafonolas sent on request.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
New York
London Office: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

Emil USA

VOGUE may be obtained throughout the United Kingdom, the British Dominions and Dependencies and in all European Countries of any bookseller, or from The Rolls House Publishing Company, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC. NEW YORK